



BUD:



A STORY
OF THE CHURCH OF
THE NEW
HUMANITY



W. K. MARSHALL



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BUD:

A STORY OF THE CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY

BY

WILLIAM KENNEDY MARSHALL

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FOREWORD.

WITH most appropriate fidelity, Dr. Marshall sends forth this message as the proper application of the Christian law to society. He stands in the rôle of a prophet. It is possible for society to dispense with poets and still live; Plato did in his "Ideal Republic." Development in the sciences might stop, and the old world fare tolerably well. Sculpture and painting might cease to be, and still the earth move forward. But prophets we must have; for their functions are to lift society out of the ruts of stagnation, conventionalism, and formalities.

The message of this volume is the song of the "New Humanity," couched in romance. On the wings of Love (what a sweet idolatry!) is borne Truth, enamored of Fidelity, to a sublime conviction. Herein is not the toying of fancy, nor the heat of imagination; but, with an ingenious touch, the author has joined the hands of the Ideal and the Real. He bears not so much a keen sword, as a simple plowshare in the field of the common world, and moves breast forward. The note of truth is not born of a woman's smile, nor of

FOREWORD.

the woes of frowning fortune, but it leaps forward from the conditions and experiences of every-day life. Social extremes meet. The oak of the one is as hollow as the hemlock of the other.

Dr. Goodfellow is sketched in the strength of a giant and in the tenderness of a child. He is oak and lily. He moves in the presence of sublime convictions; yet when he yields, it is not the submission of a weakling, but the devotion of a splendid will. He is the forerunner of the new era. His romance with Josephine McCord is conducted on the mountain-plane. It strengthens daily. It is a communion of hopes and aspirations, the fervent breathings of the secret of the soul. It is a sweet interchange of the treasures of love, mined in the depths of the human heart. It is the voice of the uncommon common. Love is not rudely pushed to the front. It is free from the blighting touch of unseemliness that maketh concessions, yet it is as familiar as it is sweet, and as sweet as it is familiar.

"Bud"—a jewel in a rough casket! Help us, Lord, to rub our eyes, that we may see all such—to rummage among the wreckage of life, and gather them in. Crowned sovereignties there are; we pass them every day, like ships in the night, and we keep playing owls. May the story of "Bud" help us to move about in the spirit of homage, and ever stoop in grateful regard to

FOREWORD.

reclaim God's own! The sweet love-tale of "Bud" and Jennie Patterson is the natural evolution of two lives beautifully blended. They journey along in the heart's own country, keeping tender step to its own sweet chord. Love, the king of words, is engraved on both hearts, and its "height, length, and breadth are equal." They are Love's budding beauties. Jennie's mother gives mild rebukes, and turns again and again to cut the roots of the perplexing evil; but the extract is poured into the ear of innocence, in love. The opposition grinds, but without remedy; Love weeps not. She moves on to her own world, in which lives and destinies are united, where criticisms are strangers to the tongue, and Love the dweller of the heart.

"The Unknown Man" is under the dominant sway of the Holy Bible. Every desire and impulse are hallowed by the Divine Word. His questions and answers are the kindled light of this golden candlestick. He always applies the truth with level and impartial sweep against every form of sin, and prophesies not smooth things. He is so dreadfully sane and so horribly unanswerable that he attracts and holds us to the end.

The "McCords," with a devotion that bleeds with earnestness, roll the stone away from the sepulcher of human misery. They start slaves on the way to character. They break in pieces the yoke of bondage by their consecrated wealth.

FOREWORD.

Their prayers no longer contaminate the air in which they are breathed; they join the ranks of the new chivalry which is destined to make the "Golden Rule" co-extensive with man.

In life's brief pilgrimage there is no memorial erected more enduring than a good book. It speaks not, it chides not, it scolds not, yet there proceeds from its mute pages an energy which lifts the world nearer God. It feeds the appetite for truth, and helps us to live in the higher lobes of our being; thus we bid this book God-speed. These pages are just so many glances at the life and character of one of the best known ministers of the Northwest. For years he has stood before the public as preacher and lecturer. He knows the social life of the people of every stratum, and from these he appeals to the ideal. His observations, long discipline, finished scholarship,—these, combined, make him indeed and in truth a prophet and a seer. He unveils to see. He calls to the future, and claims it for the Christ-Samaritan. We will not keep you waiting longer. We open the door, and bid you enter.

JAMES S. MONTGOMERY.

MINNEAPOLIS, October 17, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. A REVOLUTIONARY PROPOSITION, - - -	11
II. A REVELATION OF DUTY TO MRS. McCORD, -	19
III. MRS. McCORD INVITES TWELVE NEWSBOYS TO DINNER AT HER OWN RESIDENCE, - -	25
IV. THE DINNER AND ITS EFFECT, - - -	33
V. MRS. McCORD AND MRS. PATTERSON CROSS SWORDS, - - - - -	44
VI. MRS. McCORD VISITS THE MOTHERS OF THE NEWSBOYS, - - - - -	51
VII. MRS. McCORD SEEKS COUNSEL FROM HER PASTOR, - - - - -	59
VIII. DEATH AND BURIAL OF JAMMIE McFADDEN, THE LAME NEWSBOY, - - - -	63
IX. SENSATION IN THE CHURCH OF THE UPPER STRATA—APPEARANCE OF AN UNKNOWN MAN, - - - - -	72
X. MRS. McCORD IS DISCUSSED IN THE LADIES' CLUB, - - - - -	82
XI. THE UNKNOWN MAN UNEXPECTEDLY VISITS THE DIAMOND SALOON, - - - - -	91
XII. MRS. McCORD GIVES A DINNER TO THE MOTHERS OF THE TWELVE NEWSBOYS, - -	99

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XIII. GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY OF CHATTAHOO- CHE, - - - - -	104
XIV. JENNIE PATTERSON LOST IN THE GREAT FIRE, - - - - -	112
XV. THE UNKNOWN MAN APPEARS IN THE PREACHERS' MEETING OF CHATTA- HOOCHE, - - - - -	118
XVI. FIRST MEETING AT OAK HALL, IN THE "WICKED WARD," AND ITS EFFECT, -	126
XVII. INTERVIEW BETWEEN FATHER MARTINI AND MRS. McCORD, - - - - -	137
XVIII. JENNIE PATTERSON FOUND, RESCUED, AND RETURNED HOME—HER RECEPTION, -	145
XIX. MRS. McCORD LEASES AND RENOVATES A TENEMENT BLOCK, - - - - -	153
XX. INTERVIEW OF THE UNKNOWN MAN WITH A SOCIALIST, - - - - -	159
XXI. A PLOT TO KILL THE UNKNOWN MAN DE- FEATED, - - - - -	167
XXII. CHURCH OF THE UPPER STRATA CHANGES ITS NAME, - - - - -	173
XXIII. A COSMOPOLITAN EXPERIENCE-MEETING AT OAK HALL, - - - - -	179
XXIV. DEDICATION OF THE "CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY" — UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT OF A REPORTER TO INTERVIEW THE UN- KNOWN MAN, - - - - -	188
XXV. MR. BEVERLY McCORD CONSULTS DR. GOOD- FELLOW WITH REFERENCE TO THE ERECTION OF A GREAT TEMPLE IN THE "WICKED WARD," - - - - -	195

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XXVI. MRS. PATTERSON GIVES A DINNER TO BUD AND HIS MOTHER, - - - - -	205
XXVII. INTERESTING DISCUSSION ON LOVE BETWEEN DR. GOODFELLOW AND MISS JOSEPHINE McCORD, - - - - -	213
XXVIII. HOW A SOCIALIST CLUB WAS DISBANDED,	225
XXIX. MISS JOSEPHINE ACCOMPANIES HER MOTHER TO THE OAK HALL MEET- ING—THE EFFECT UPON HER, - - -	246
XXX. JOSIAH WORTHINGTON VISITS MRS. MC- CORD, - - - - -	252
XXXI. LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN BUD AND JENNIE BEFORE LEAVING FOR SCHOOL, - - -	261
XXXII. BUD AND JENNIE AT SCHOOL, - - -	267
XXXIII. AN UNDERSTANDING IS ESTABLISHED BE- TWEEN DR. GOODFELLOW AND MISS JOSEPHINE McCORD—A TRIP ABROAD, -	275
XXXIV. BUD'S MASTERLY ADDRESS IN DR. GOOD- FELLOW'S CHURCH, - - - - -	281
XXXV. COMPLETION AND DEDICATION OF THE "PEOPLE'S TEMPLE," - - - - -	290
XXXVI. DEATH OF THE UNKNOWN MAN—MYSTERY OF HIS LIFE EXPLAINED—BUD BE- COMES SUPERINTENDENT OF THE "PEO- PLE'S TEMPLE," AND, WITH HIS YOUNG BRIDE, OCCUPIES THE SUPERINTENDENT'S NEW HOUSE, - - - - -	301

Bud: A Story of the Church of the New Humanity.

I.

A REVOLUTIONARY PROPOSITION.

THE evening was somewhat somber, with now and then a fugitive glimmering of retreating sun-rays reflected on the approaching chariots of night as they mounted above the horizon. The quiet of the hour was undisturbed by voice of thunder or shaft of lightning, by noise of wave or wind, or din of traffic on the street. It was like a mellow vision of beauty and prophecy, with foregleams of the new, eternal day not measured by rising and setting suns, and suggestive of supernatural things, as if a "still small voice" were calling to communion with invisible persons and realities. It was a fitting time for the regular week-night

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

prayer-meeting of the Church of the Upper Strata in the city of Chattahooche. This Church was composed chiefly of so-called society people. They were of that highly-respectable and moral kind whose spirituality was not prominent. While their contributions for foreign missions were liberal, their interest in the poor and neglected of the city was not appreciable. The customs and functions of higher social life received much attention. Indeed, the Church of the Upper Strata set the pace of "society" among its kind, and determined the rules that prevailed in its kingdom. Two things characterized most of its members: They did not believe in what they styled "an overcharge of personal piety." Indeed, if there was such a thing as experimental religion, they claimed it was located in the subconsciousness, never appearing on the surface save in dreams and visions. They also held that the word "brother" was a figurative term, designed to add rhetorical intensity to an idealistic relation that was unattainable in this life, and that its obligation was confined to those of their own class and kind.

Dr. J. S. Goodfellow, its pastor, was an elo-

A REVOLUTIONARY PROPOSITION.

quent preacher, holding a high place in the esteem of his people. He was a young man of sterling birth, having in his blood that happy commingling of Irish, Scotch, and English that often produces loftiest character, thoroughly Anglo-Americanized by two generations of ancestral residency in the New World. He was of medium height and solidly built, with a broad rather than high forehead, crowned with a slightly bushy covering of rich black hair; large, penetrating gray eyes, arched with brows in harmony with head and hair, and edged with lashes that softened the brilliance of their ever-speaking tenderness, gentle even as a woman's; a nose, mouth, and chin suggestive of manly strength and firmness, tempered by the patience of love,—in a word, his was a wonderful face, radiant with thought, beaming with intelligent sympathy and loving hope for all conditions, tolerant of all creeds and criticisms, but firm in his own convictions and cheerfully resolute in their announcement and defense; a face that invited instant confidence when you first met its divinely human gaze, and made one feel that here was a great soul, into which one could pour the aches of a tossed and stren-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

uous life with no fear of betrayal and no feeling of obtrusion. The *personnel* of such a man could not be otherwise than lovingly majestic. When rising to speak, he had prompt and general attention. He was not only popular because of his eloquence, learning, and masterful personality, but he had that added element of attraction which always goes with a clergyman that is young and unmarried. Whittier must have had such a character in his mind when he wrote:

“His face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes not;
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness,
The face that a child would climb to kiss!
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust.”

His eminent success in his first pastorate, at Gordonsville, drew the attention of several city Churches toward him, among them the Church of the Upper Strata, which finally secured him. Like many other shepherds, he was not satisfied with the low spiritual temperature of his flock, and their want of concern for the lower strata of society.

A REVOLUTIONARY PROPOSITION.

He was the subject of no little conflict between conscience and expediency. He had more than once indicated to his Church that there was about it too much of the "club" atmosphere. Indeed, he had gone even so far at one time as to say that what his "dear people" needed was to get outside of themselves, and see something of those other conditions of life which had no representation in the Church of the Upper Strata. When some of his chief members kindly reminded him that theirs was not the Church of the lower strata; it was several Sabbaths before he had sufficiently apologized for "unguarded remarks under the inspiration of a hot enthusiasm."

At the prayer-meeting referred to, the pastor read for the Scripture lesson a part of the fourteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, in which are these words: "Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee; for

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Among other things, by way of exposition and application, Dr. Goodfellow said: "Literally to follow this command of the Master would be to reverse the prevalent order of social and Church life. The general custom now is to do the very thing that the Master forbids; that is, to bid our friends, our brethren, our kinsmen, and our rich neighbors to the hospitality of our festive boards. If 'the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind' are ever invited, it is not to our homes, but to some public hall, where the charity of some society or individual may find opportunity for public expression and receive due reportorial notice in the press. But is it not evident that the very core of the Divine order is overlooked, and the very blessing intended is lost, by such procedure? Contact with the lower classes of society is what the Master would have, not by proxy, but in person. Most people issue invitations to 'supper' or 'dinner' to those only who are in circumstances to return the courtesy, and will feel the obligation to do so. Thus social life is constructed and operated. If the Master's words were faithfully

A REVOLUTIONARY PROPOSITION.

followed, it would work an entire revolution in social and religious life. Nearly nineteen hundred years have come and gone since the Christ thus spoke, and yet how very few have found that this is one of the ways of learning how much 'more blessed it is to give than to receive.' If the Master should come to this city to-night, I fear he would not visit our prayer-meeting, or perhaps any other in the churches. He would doubtless go first to 'the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind,' whom we have neglected. He would probably much prefer to dine with them than at our richly spread tables. O, members of the Church of the Upper Strata, *Wake up! Arouse!* Let some one try the Master's plan. Make a dinner, and invite only 'the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind,' who can not invite you again, and verily 'thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' Yea, even now you will find that this is the most blessed way to live. Who will try it? Is not the experiment worth the making? Is not the Master calling some one here to-night to this very work, right in this great city, where so much poverty, want, and misery prevail? Who will venture into

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

this unexplored field, in His name and for His sake? Try it, and report results to your pastor."

All noted the marked solemnity and earnestness of the pastor while he uttered these unusual words. All felt and admitted that, theoretically at least, he was on the right side of the question, and that the Master's command justified his pointed application of the lesson. But each said that such a course would revolutionize, if not quite annihilate, the Church of the Upper Strata, and that while the theory was beautiful, humane, and even Christlike, it was utterly impracticable under present conditions. So this very respectable prayer-meeting was dismissed, and its members returned to their homes, several to prepare for appointed social functions the very opposite of that recommended by their pastor. One, however, went home with a different purpose.

II.

A REVELATION OF DUTY.

MRS. BEVERLY McCORD was not in the habit of attending prayer-meeting, but it happened this evening that she was present. She was not only a member of the Church of the Upper Strata, but she was also a prominent factor among the "Four Hundred." By nature and education she was a leader among women. She had traveled extensively at home and abroad, and could fill any social position with artful grace. Her husband was at the head of a large manufacturing concern, with a net income of a quarter of a million annually, rapidly increasing every year. Financially, therefore, Mrs. McCord could command anything she desired, and the more so because her husband was in perfect accord with her in all her plans and ambitions. It was not unusual for her to give a social function to four hundred persons at one time, the cost of which exceeded a thousand dollars. In this regard she was the envy of not a few of her own station.

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

One large reception would place at least four hundred persons under obligation to "recompense" her in return, all of whom would have been disappointed, if not offended, by her failure to respond. Mr. and Mrs. McCord were members in good standing in the Church of the Upper Strata, albeit this relation did not limit or embarrass them in any of their social ambitions or worldly recreations. It need hardly be said that they were among the most liberal in the support of their pastor and all Church enterprises that required money. They were also usually present at the public service every Sabbath morning, and no family could more cordially receive and entertain Dr. Goodfellow.

The pastor's address in the prayer-meeting greatly impressed Mrs. McCord. Not a word escaped her ear, while her quick, penetrating eye caught every move, gesture, and expression of the speaker. The subject opened to her vision a new world. She began to feel that, as to actual work for the Master, and after his manner, her life had been a failure. While the pastor spoke, she saw the crowds of "poor, and maimed, and lame, and blind," gathering about the Man of

A REVELATION OF DUTY.

Nazareth, receiving his blessing and presenting their homage. A sense of her responsibility for a better use of her talents, social, intellectual, and financial, stole irresistibly upon her; so that when Dr. Goodfellow inquired, "Is not the experiment worth the making? is not the Master calling some one here to-night to this very work?" she meant to say silently to herself, "Yes;" but she spoke it with an emphasis that was almost startling, which attracted the attention of those nearest to her. And when the address closed with the recommendation, "Try it, and report results to me," she quietly but firmly said, "By His strength and in His name I will."

That night Mrs. McCord was restless. Sleep almost fled. Her husband was a little worried about her; but in reply to his loving inquiries, she simply said, "O, nothing; I can not sleep." Immediately after breakfast the next morning she put on her wraps and called on Mrs. Sidney Patterson, a neighbor, and also a member of the same Church, and of the same social rank. She had scarcely been seated when she said:

"Mrs. Patterson, what do you think? I was at prayer-meeting last night!"

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Patterson, holding up both hands in genuine amazement. "Why, what is going to happen? Is the world coming to an end?"

"I am inclined to think that some things that belong only to this world are about coming to an end with me," said Mrs. McCord, seriously.

"Why, Mrs. McCord, you surprise me; indeed, you alarm me. Are you ill? Or what in the world has happened to make you talk in this strange way?" inquired Mrs. Patterson.

Then Mrs. McCord proceeded to report to her friend what had occurred at the prayer-meeting, giving the address as she remembered it, and especially the impression it made upon her, with her determination to try and literally obey the Master, by making a dinner to which she intended to invite none but "the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind."

"Why, Mrs. McCord, what do you mean? You must be beside yourself," interrupted Mrs. Patterson.

"Not at all; I am just coming to myself," answered Mrs. McCord, with an expression in her face and voice that worried her friend.

A REVELATION OF DUTY.

"Why, what will the members of the Church of the Upper Strata think of you? Do n't you know that the demands of our social position are so great that you have no time for such eccentric experiments as you propose?" insisted Mrs. Patterson.

"I am not in the least concerned about what my friends will think of me," replied Mrs. McCord. "And, as to the demands of our social rank, it is about time some other claims were recognized and met."

"Well," said Mrs. Patterson, a little out of patience, and somewhat annoyed at the cool and unanswerable way in which her protests were met, "if you are going into the 'slumming business' you had better join the Salvation Army, and march the streets, and sing, and rattle a tambourine. You would make a charming Salvation lassie. Let me know when and where you will make your first appearance, and I will stand on the opposite corner and look at you, and say 'Amen.'"

Mrs. McCord, not in the least nettled by this modest attempt to perpetrate the *argumentum ad invidiam*, arose, and, adjusting her wraps, kindly

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

but emphatically said: "Mrs. Patterson, we have always been friends; if our friendship is ever interrupted, it will not be my fault. I do not need to join the Salvation Army to find a field of labor. But I greatly respect them for their good work and sacrifice. They probably hold a higher place in the thought of the Master than many of us in the Church of the Upper Strata. As to standing on the opposite corner to look at me and to say 'Amen,' perhaps it would be as well for you first to attend your own prayer-meeting and say 'Amen' to the earnest words of our pastor. The exercise will be helpful. I will call again and report on the new departure. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Come over often, and tell me all about it," said Mrs. Patterson, not feeling at all satisfied with the outcome of the interview.

III.

TWELVE NEWSBOYS INVITED TO DINNER.

Mrs. McCORD began at once to plan for carrying out her purpose. In thinking about "the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind," her mind settled upon the newsboys and bootblacks of the city as more nearly representing that description than any other; for she had often observed, when downtown, that among these boys were some blind of one eye, deficient of one arm, short in one leg, some cross-eyed, some walking on crutches, and nearly all garbed in clothing made for others larger than themselves. So she determined to invite a dozen of these "street Arabs" to her own house for "dinner." She first prepared a neat little invitation, written on a plain white card, as follows: "Mrs. Beverly McCord will be pleased to have you take dinner with her, at her own residence, 777 Upper Grade Avenue, Thursday, 25th of September, at one o'clock P. M." Then, boarding a street-car, she proceeded to the business

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

center of the city, where the newsboys were plying their trade, and leaving the car hailed the first one she met.

"Say, little boy, I want to speak to you. What is your name?"

"Who 's youse? Is youse de cop 's old woman? I haint did nothin'," answered the boy, supposing the good woman wanted his name to have him arrested.

"No, no, I'm your friend. Tell me your name," she said in a way that removed his suspicion.

"Me name am Bud. I sells de *Post*, *Journeal*, *Times*, and *Tribunee*. Buy a pape, loidy?"

"Yes, I'll take two. But what is your right name, the one your father and mother call you by?" inquired Mrs. McCord.

"Hain't got no fadder; he 's dead. Me mud-der, she call me George."

"Well, what is your mother's name?"

"Her name am Mis'sis Buddington."

"Then your real name is George Buddington?"

"Yes 'em; dat 's it; but de kids, dey calls me 'Bud.' Buy a *Tribunee*, loidy?"

"Yes, I'll take all you have."

NEWSBOYS INVITED TO DINNER.

"Hully gee, loidy, who is youse? Did youse jist cum to de city? Dat do n't go wid me. Nah!"

Having received and paid for Bud's entire stock of papers, she handed them back to him, saying she did not need them, as she already had all the papers at home.

"Now, Bud," continued Mrs. McCord, "I am going to have a dinner at my house next Thursday for some of my friends, and I want you and some more of the newsboys to come."

Bud looked at her with mingled seriousness and awe, and inquired: "Does youse mean dat, loidy? Will de cops be dare? W'ere does youse live, loidy?"

"Yes, Bud, I mean it. The 'cops' won't be there. I live at 777 Upper Grade Avenue," said Mrs. McCord, as she handed him the card of invitation.

"All right, hunky, I'll be dare, shue, shue. Buy anudder *Tribunee*, loidy?"

"Not to-day, Bud. Now do n't you disappoint me."

"Not much, if dis kid nose hisself."

Mrs. McCord then proceeded to hail other boys, and, after more or less difficulty in over-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

coming their incredulity and winning their confidence, chiefly by purchasing the entire stock of papers carried by each, she at last secured her dozen guests, with a promise that they would come to her "dinner." After giving a card to each one, she completed her down-town shopping and returned home.

The appearance of Mrs. McCord among the street boys, the purchase of their entire stock of papers, and the return of the same, with the invitation to dinner next Thursday, produced an unusual commotion among the street fraternity. Immediately following the reception of the invitation, the dozen news merchants struck out in different directions, each crying at the top of his voice, "Ere's yer mornin' papes, *Tribunee*, *Post*, *'Erald*, *Rip Rap*, and *Saturday Evening Street Sweeper-er*." The rest of the fraternity, numbering a hundred or more, in sight and hearing, though they knew nothing of the secret that moved the dozen to such sudden zeal, determined not to be outdone; so they, too, set up a cry for the sale of their goods, that rose high above the noise of all other street traffic, and in a very little while all was sold, and they were on their way

NEWSBOYS INVITED TO DINNER.

back to the printing-office for more papers. Everybody asked, "What's the matter with the news-boys?"

That night, when Bud returned home, his mother noticed that he was in an unusually good humor. Generally she had to command, or scold, or beg to have the necessary little chores performed. But this evening, much to her surprise, Bud voluntarily and cheerfully filled up the wood-box, carried out the ashes, renewed the water-pail, emptied the garbage, and actually asked his mother if she did n't want him to sweep the floor. At the supper-table, which consisted of a store-box, a few dilapidated dishes, spread with a very scanty supper of the plainest and cheapest food, Bud said, with a feeling that he was telling something that ought not be told, or that could not be true, because it was so unusual:

"Mudder, got sum'en to tell youse. Got a bid ter a feed, Thursd̄ay. Noice loidy held me up on de street and tuk all me papes, and laid down de dough for 'em, de generine stuff, and den gim 'em all back ter me, and said, 'Sell 'em ag'in.' And you may poke me in de glems if it ain't the shue enuf trufe, she gim'me dis card, and

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

she say, 'Do n't you discomboberate me, Bud,' or sum'en like dat, and I said, 'Shue as me name 's Bud, I 'll be dare. Noice loidy, youse bet."

And he gave the card to his mother, who, after adjusting her glasses and turning the light of the flickering lamp up a little higher, read, with much difficulty, the invitation.

"Well, you do n't think of goin', Bud, do you? You haint got no decent duds to wear."

"Uv course I 'se a-goin'. Hain't I got de bid? Youse can jist fix up me old harnis while I 'm a-snorin', Wenzy night. Won't youse, please?" That was the first time his mother could remember ever to have heard Bud say "please."

"Yes, my dear boy, I 'll do the best I can for you." That was the first time Bud ever heard his mother say "dear boy."

Similar scenes and conversations took place in the homes, so-called, of the other eleven boys invited to Mrs. McCord's dinner. Human nature is much the same, whatever may be its outward garb or environment. Kindness begets kindness. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The best elements of a coarse and uncultured nature may be coaxed out by the ingoing

NEWSBOYS INVITED TO DINNER.

of the sunlight of kindness, just as plants in dark cellars will always lean towards the sunlight that penetrates the smallest aperture; just as the finest flowers are perfected and the best fruit ripened by the warm touches of the sun's inspiring rays.

Next morning, after Bud had hurried over his "beat" down-town, it occurred to him that he might sell some papers on Upper Grade Avenue; so he hied himself away to the neighborhood of "777." As he walked slowly up the avenue, crying "Ere's your mornin' *Tribune*!" he observed carefully the numbers on all the houses, until at last his eyes fell on "777." The figures looked unusually large to him. But they were there, corresponding exactly to the number on the card. That was the place, sure, and he felt himself six inches taller as he viewed the splendid house and grounds, and remembered that he was to take dinner in that house Thursday. As he turned to go back to his down-town "headquarters," he heard an unusual noise, similar to that when a dozen boys rush from the office into the street, crying the sale of war extras. The eleven other boys had felt a like drawing with Bud towards Upper Grade Avenue, and coming upon the

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

avenue from Sixth and Seventh Streets, they were a surprise to each other and to Bud, and they sought to conceal the real object of their coming by an unusual vigorous cry for the sale of their papers. But, like Bud, their chief interest centered in "777," and when their eyes were favored with the sight of these welcome figures, and the beautiful house and grounds, they too started back for their usual places of business, congratulating themselves that it would be only about twenty-four hours until they would be inside of that beautiful mansion as invited guests to a "dinner," the excellency of which their imaginations magnified more and more as the time drew near. A very little attention to those beneath us generally inspires self-respect and self-confidence, and awakens latent hopes for better things.

IV.

THE DINNER AND ITS EFFECT.

Mrs. McCORD had informed her husband of the intended dinner, which he heartily approved, as he did everything that his wife undertook; for she was a woman of sterling sense and superior judgment, with remarkable force of character in carrying out all her plans. Full a half hour before one o'clock the guests began to arrive in groups of two, three, and four. Their appearance was certainly unique, but much to their credit, and more to the credit of their mothers, when their poverty was considered. It was quite apparent that, with two or three exceptions, the clothes they wore had not been made for them. But one thing was clearly in evidence, they were clean. It must be confessed that the boys spent a large portion of the preceding evening in testing the virtue of soap and water and towels, using their mother's washtubs for bathing purposes. If it be true, as Liebig says, that a nation's progress

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

in civilization can be determined by the quantity of soap it uses, these boys must have made quite a stride in civilization the night before. Doubtless the laundry work had been done by their mothers while the boys were dreaming of the good "dinner" of the next day. Their faces had not been so bereft of dirt since they first appeared on the planet; their hair was combed straight and parted on the side, or in the middle; while their shoes showed beyond doubt that they were all masters of the "shiner's" art. They were received at the door by Mrs. McCord herself, to each of whom she said, as she grasped their rough hands, "Why, boys, I am so glad to see you all, and you look so nice and clean. I was a little afraid you might not come, or might not find the place;" to which Bud responded:

"Not much. Youse bet wese find de ranch. Us kids never plays de sneak on our friends. When de gang gibs its wurd, it allers keeps skedule time. Sum of de kids lost der way hum yisterday, and made a short cut by dis avenew, and axerdently seed de figgers "777," so dey all pinted dis way when de time was cum to start fur de feed."

THE DINNER AND ITS EFFECT.

"Well, boys, come right into the parlor, and sit down or stand up, just as you prefer," said Mrs. McCord, "while I look after the dinner."

Their eyes opened to their full limit as they entered the splendidly-furnished apartment. True, they walked over the rich velvet carpet as if it were covered with tacks, sharp ends upward; but they felt welcome. The beautiful pictures attracted their attention at once. Mr. McCord had recently paid \$5,000 for an oil-painting of John the Baptist, clad in a coat of camel's hair, with a shepherd's staff in one hand and a bunch of locust-berries in the other. When the eyes of one of the boys fell upon it, pointing to the picture, he said, "Say, kids, swat de old guy in de gob." Another happened to observe Millet's Angelus, and suggested that "Dat lobster an his gal ort ter gadder up de taters an not stand dare a-poutin' in de tater-patch." Snody was attracted by a statue of Venus in the corner of the parlor, and remarked seriously, "Say, Bud, gib dat loidy -de loan of youse coat." Another very fine painting was Jacob's Ladder, with the angels ascending and descending. Bud examined it closely, and threw down this challenge, "I 'll bet two coze

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

wid any kid dat dat leetle feller jist startin' in at de lore end uv de ladder will win out fust at de top." Six voices answered, "I'll hold de chinks."

Presently Mrs. McCord returned and said she desired to take the names of the boys, and the places where they lived, so she could visit them and their mothers at their own homes. She proceeded, therefore, to write them down as given, in this order:

George Buddingtonalias Bud.
James McFaddenalias Jammie.
Ole Olsonalias Bull.
James Snodgrassalias Snody.
George Washington Brown, alias Hatchy.
John Singleton.....alias Singy.
Peter Broomfield.....alias Broomy.
Jacob Isaacsalias Sheeny.
Thomas Snorter.....alias Snorty.
Wm. Silvermanalias Sixteen-to-one.
Joseph Bankeralias Goldbug.
Edward Wetherspoonalias Spoony.

These twelve, with Mr. and Mrs. McCord and their son and daughter, were seated for dinner. The table was decorated with carnations and roses. A carnation was at every plate, which Mrs. McCord and her daughter pinned to the lapel of each boy's coat, where such a place could be

THE DINNER AND ITS EFFECT.

found. The menu was plain but substantial; just such as was best fitted to satisfy the kind of guests at the board. A few words of grace, at the close of which the boys looked toward the parlor door to see who would come in in answer to the request "Be thou present and bless our food," and the feast began. Mr. McCord entertained the boys with two or three very comical stories he remembered for the occasion. But his youthful hearers were much more interested in what was on their plates than in the stories. Mrs. McCord asked the boys many questions about their experience in selling papers, but Bud was the only one that had courage to answer. She adroitly indicated, from time to time, that other good things were coming, so that they might have a taste of everything prepared. The picture of these twelve hungry urchins, vigorously attacking the rich contents of the feast, is more easily imagined than described. Their manners could not be said to be in "good form," but the satisfaction with which they consumed the eatables would have made a French cook proud of his culinary profession. They literally fulfilled the apostolic injunction, "Whatsoever is set before

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

you, eat, asking no questions for conscience' sake."

One or two could not resist the temptation to lay in a small supply for home consumption, which elicited the protest from Bud: "Youse kids dish dem oranges out uv youse pockits, an' swipe 'em back on ter de table. Dis haint no Dimerkratic barbeekay." "Sheeny, skuddle dat bred down dis

way," said Snorty. "Hain't got more 'nuff up dis way," replied Sheeny. "O, there 's plenty more," said Mrs. McCord. "Eat all you want, boys."

When the red sherbet was served, the guests looked at the little glass cups, and then at each other, and then at Mrs. McCord. Presently Snody inquired, "Wat is dis?" "I 'll tell youse," answered Goldbug, "dis am red chury kobler." "It 's pulmerized beet-sugar kept on ice," suggested Broomy. "I 'll bet youse sixteen to one," said Silverman, "it 's nothin' but kullerd ice an lemon-juce," as he sampled it with a spoon. Whatever it was, or was not, it soon disappeared. Finally the dinner was ended, and the guests repaired again to the parlor. Master McCord and his sister, Adelia, played a duet on the piano, and Adelia sang a pretty little song. Just then the door-bell rang, and Dr. Goodfellow entered and met the boys.

THE DINNER AND ITS EFFECT.

Mrs. McCord explained that she was having a few of her newsboy friends for dinner, and that she was real glad to have the doctor come and get acquainted with them. The pastor looked somewhat confused, as if he thought there was something in the air he did not understand. But he made himself very agreeable to the boys, told them several funny stories, at which they laughed heartily, said he was so glad to have met them, hoped to see them again soon, and bade them good-bye.

The boys were so unconscious of the passage of time, and so happy in their surroundings, that it was necessary for Mrs. McCord to say to them that perhaps they would only have time enough to get to the newspaper offices for the evening papers. So they reluctantly retired, Mr. and Mrs. McCord thanking them for the pleasure they had afforded in taking dinner with them, and assuring each of a cordial welcome any time they might call again.

— The "kids" started away in a body. Not a word was uttered until they were a block distant. The silence was broken by little Jammie McFadden, who, having a short leg, could scarcely

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

keep pace with the others. He said to Bud, who was a kind of leader among them:

"Bud, was dat heben? Was dat loidy and de leetle gal de angels?"

"Do n't know, Jammie; but if heben am as good as dat, you bet dis kid 'll neber kick ag'in' goin' dare," answered Bud, with genuine animation.

"O, dat turk', an dat ise scream, an dat cake! he make me feel so goot in here," declared Sheeny, as he placed his hands over his vest.

"Ya tanks dat music was very foine, dat leetle boy un dat leetle gairl, day was so goot on de pianer. Ya tanks ya will buy une leetle pianer fur ma mutter," declared Ole Olson, who was doubtless called after the celebrated violinist for whom the boys nicknamed him, because of his early musical inclination.

"Did youse kids see de purty pozies on de feed bench? Wat youse call dem, de kornashuns and de bozes? Did youse site de smell of dem pozies?" inquired Goldbug. "Hully gee, I 'll stop de fust flower kart I runs into an swipe a bokay for me sister an' me ole mudder," he continued, jumping up two feet into the air.

THE DINNER AND ITS EFFECT.

And so every boy had his own opinion about the feast, and expressed himself in his own way, until they received their stock of evening papers, which were disposed of in half the usual time, so that they were all home that evening an hour earlier than usual. Each one gave a characteristic account of the dinner, and their treatment, to the home folks, and also reported that "Misses Cord, de foine loidy," said she was coming to see their mothers and sisters very soon.

These twelve boys closed their eyes that night on what was to them a new world, and dreamed of the good angels of God. A new inspiration had come into their lives. Strange and undeveloped hopes flitted athwart their vision. Crude ambitions to be something in the great world began to struggle within them, the meaning of which they did not understand, so obscure and hopeless had been their young lives hitherto. The angel in the marble was already stirring for freedom. When they rose from their beds the next morning, they looked into a world that had in it flowers, and pictures, and music, and a good woman, and a sweet little girl, and a kind man, and a nice little boy, and a splendid home, and

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

plenty of good things to eat, such as they never dreamed of until the day before.

When Mrs. McCord retired that night she had a clear conscience, a sweet peace of mind, a sense of satisfaction with herself and what she had done, and a love for the Master, with an indefinable presence about her which she could not name, that she had never before realized. Her experience had awakened the hidden angels of her breast. She, too, closed her eyes to dream of a world redeemed from poverty and sorrow. Troops of "the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind," gathering about the great Physician nineteen hundred years ago, all healed by him, and sent to their homes rejoicing, marched before her, while, ever and anon, a voice tenderly said, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

When she opened her eyes to the light of a new day, she, too, looked upon a brighter world. A new light had come to her. Life had taken on a larger meaning. Many things that she had supposed very proper had dropped out of her plans and thought. Up to date she had been immersed

THE DINNER AND ITS EFFECT.

in frivolous things, not especially sinful, but useless; she had simply been passing the time in a whirl of respectable worldliness, with no conception of her power and opportunity for making the world such as the Master would have it. He was now leading her whither she did not know. For the first time in her life she said to herself that morning, "Whither he leads I will follow."

V.

MRS. McCORD AND MRS. PATTERSON CROSS
SWORDS.

THE next morning Mrs. McCord called to see her friend, Mrs. Patterson. She extended to her a cordial greeting, with the usual formal smile, and with a little of the patronizing air, not having forgotten entirely the last visit. While Mrs. McCord noticed this it did not affect her.

"I am so glad to see you," said Mrs. Patterson. "I am so anxious to hear all about your dinner yesterday. I came pretty nearly running over to see how the little street Arabs would act in your fine home; they must have felt and acted like wild birds in a wire cage."

"I'm glad you did not come," courteously replied Mrs. McCord. "You would have embarrassed my little friends. I did not have them there for exhibition, but because I wanted to do what I thought the Master would approve. The

CROSSING SWORDS.

little fellows seemed to enjoy themselves very much indeed. But I think the largest beneficiary of the affair was myself."

"Now, Mrs. McCord, is it possible that you still have that wild notion in your head? I supposed in a day or two you would recover from the effect of that unfortunate address of Dr. Goodfellow in the prayer-meeting, and resume your normal state and recognized place of leadership in the highest walks of society, for which you have such eminent qualifications. Several of our mutual friends have expressed the profoundest astonishment at your erratic course, and can not imagine what has come over you." These words were uttered by Mrs. Patterson with genuine sincerity and friendship for Mrs. McCord.

"I am quite sorry for our friends; I have no doubt they mean well. I can sympathize with them. I have been through the same experience. I know how they look at me. But I trust and pray that the true light may come to them as it has come to me," answered Mrs. McCord, with a gentleness of tone that really irritated Mrs. Patterson.

"The true light," said Mrs. Patterson, with a

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

peculiar curl of the under lip, and a vacant glance towards the ceiling. Then readjusting herself she proceeded to the work of showing Mrs. McCord, in a very earnest way, the folly, if not the wrong, of her course. "Now, Mrs. McCord, you must know that the higher-class people are worth much more in the sight of the Master than these 'street Arabs' and their kind. He estimates things as they are, and not as they ought to be. He chooses the best material, and devotes his labor where the best results may be expected. Can you imagine for a moment that if he were to come to this city he would gather about him these little 'Arabs' and their ignorant and wicked parents, when he could come into the Church of the Upper Strata and have the very best people of the city to hear him? Did he not go to the house of Zaccheus, a rich man? Now do be reasonable, and do not throw away the great opportunities that are before you."

Mrs. McCord drew her chair a little nearer to her friend, and with the feeling that her best effort was now needed, answered:

"The Master does not see as men see; for while they look on the shell, he looks at the jewel

CROSSING SWORDS.

within. Money, position, fine dress, and adornments count for nothing with him. Possibilities here, and endless possibilities hereafter, are what he sees. True, he did go to the house of Zaccheus, not because he was rich, but because he was a man. He also stood at Jacob's Well and talked with a poor woman who was a 'sinner.' He also dined with publicans and sinners; still more, he had not where to lay his head, excepting perhaps the loving hospitality afforded him in the house of Mary and Martha, at Bethany. And is it not written that 'though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich?' And again, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of the least* of these my brethren, ye have done it *unto me*?' Mrs. Patterson, you must know that the true philosophy of a happy life is to do good to others; not to those that are of the same rank only, but to those that move in the lower ranks of life. Society is so constructed that the lower classes, as we call them, can only be reached and elevated by going down to them, putting our arms about them, and helping them up to the higher plane. You and I would never have been what we are, and where

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

we are, if some person before us had not helped our forefathers to rise."

Mrs. Patterson exhibited slight nervousness, and remarking that the "air is close in this room," rose and opened the hall door, and lowered the parlor window a little. Then resuming her seat, she proceeded:

"Mrs. McCord, of course you understand that there are certain geological formations, consisting of a series of layers of rocks, called lower and upper. Each tier or stratum is perfect in itself, and does not overlap or run into the other. No provision is found in nature for the lower to rise out of its place into the higher. Society has at least three divisions, the lower, the middle, and the higher. It has always been so, and always will be so. If occasionally, by some revolution, or social earthquake, a few are thrown from the lower stratum to the higher, it is abnormal, and is no argument for lifting the entire lower mass. Mrs. McCord, you are an educated woman and understand these things as well as myself." Then Mrs. Patterson applied her smelling-bottle and braced herself for a reply.

Mrs. McCord listened with much interest to

CROSSING SWORDS.

her friend's discourse on geology and sociology, and with a smile of satisfaction covering her face, as if a stream of sunshine had just fallen on it, delivered her answer on this wise:

"I perceive, Mrs. Patterson, that you remember very well your seminary instruction in geology. I also have some recollection of mine. It seems to have been forgotten by you, however, that the lower, or first and oldest rocks of the earth, have, by some force, been upheaved, and are now at the top in many places, and will probably remain there until removed by some preternatural force. But rock is rock, whether found in the lower or upper formations. Similar revolutions and upheavals have occurred, and are still occurring, in society; some suddenly and abruptly, others more slowly and gradually. Christianity is the mightiest upheaving force that has ever appeared in the world. It was said of the first evangelists that 'they had turned the world upside down.' The richest minerals and the purest diamonds are found in the deepest depths. Mind is mind wherever you find it. Our work is largely to cultivate and polish the souls of men. As we do not wait for the unpolished diamonds and pearls

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

to come to us, but plunge into the depths of earth and sea in search of them, we are not to wait for the hidden and the lost among men to come to us, but must search for them. The Master left the ninety and nine and went out into the wilderness in search of the lost *one*."

Just then a neighbor called, and brought to a close this interesting discussion, much to the relief of Mrs. Patterson, who was beginning to realize her inability to meet the arguments of Mrs. McCord in the support of her proposed change in social and religious dynamics. Mrs. McCord excused herself, and after suggesting that perhaps Mrs. Patterson might desire some day to give a "dinner" herself to the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, said "Good-morning."

"Never," answered Mrs. Patterson, as she opened the door and said, "Call again, Mrs. McCord. Will always be glad to see you."

VI.

MRS. McCORD VISITS THE MOTHERS OF THE NEWSBOYS.

MRS. McCORD had crossed the Rubicon. While the bridges behind had not been burned, she did not desire to return. Her experience so far was more than satisfactory. She did not know what was before her, but she would make further explorations. So when she fixed upon a day to visit the homes of her dozen guests, according to her promise, she started with somewhat of the feeling of those who are in search of a new land, not for a moment anticipating the revelations that would come to her. It is thus the Divine Hand often leads. It is best that it is so. Sudden revelation of duty, necessity, and responsibility would overwhelm, discourage, and cause most of us to turn back. Gradually the neck is prepared for the yoke, the back for the burden, and the heart for the larger drafts of sympathy and love.

Mrs. McCord could have arrayed herself in

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

finest attire, and ridden in her own carriage, with liveried coachman. But she did not. She clothed herself in plainest costume, and used the street-cars to reach the part of the city desired. She was just a little surprised to learn on her way that the particular locality for which she was searching was known as the "Wicked Ward." But this knowledge, instead of discouraging her, only sharpened her desire to know how the mothers of her little guests lived. She first sought Bud's home. After climbing a rickety, dirty old stairway on the outside of a tenement building, to the third story, she found Mrs. Buddington. Her home included two small rooms, with neither paper nor paint on the walls, and no carpet on the floor, except a piece of gunny-sack cloth, spread at the door. The furniture consisted of one whole chair, one chair minus the back, two cracker-boxes, and a medium-sized store-box, with two or three shelves in it, which served for both table and pantry. A dilapidated single bedstead in one room for Mrs. Buddington, and an old skeleton of a cheap lounge in the other for Bud, constituted the provision for sleeping. The walls were utterly destitute of pictures, and the windows had

THE MOTHERS OF THE NEWSBOYS.

the cheapest of curtains. A small wood-stove stood in the corner. Evidently Mrs. Buddington was expecting a call, for the floor had been freshly scrubbed, and the place had an air of cleanliness not usually found in such abodes. A small bouquet of inexpensive flowers was on the store-box table. This was Bud's token of welcome to the "noice loidy" of 777 Upper Grade Avenue. Bud had done his morning work on the street, and had just returned home. Mrs. McCord relieved all embarrassment by adapting herself to the surroundings, and soon won the confidence of Bud's mother; she already had Bud's.

She inquired into the family history; ascertained that Mr. Buddington had died when Bud was six years old, leaving them nothing; that the widow had in a way supported herself and little boy by taking in washing; that her income was never more than five dollars a week, including what Bud received from the sale of papers. Out of this must be paid one dollar and fifty cents a week for rent, leaving three dollars and fifty cents for all living expenses and clothing. Mrs. Buddington was, or rather had been, a Catholic, but had not seen a priest or been inside of a church

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

since the death of her husband. Bud had come to his present age, fourteen years, hardly knowing the difference between God and the devil. No one ever darkened their door, excepting Jammie McFadden's mother, who lived in the same building, and who made an occasional call to talk over the business of their respective boys. The great outside world moved on utterly regardless of their existence or happiness. If they should drop out of being they would no more be missed than an atom of dust that might fall from the great globe into fathomless space, excepting that for a day or two Bud's voice would not be heard crying, "Ere 's your mornin' *Trib-un-ee*," and some other vender of papers might possibly inquire, "W'ere 's dat kid dat kawled hi'self Bud?" And the neighbors might notice that Mrs. Buddington did not go up and down the rickety stairs any more, and that the plain window-curtains were down all day; and so the world would go on without a jar or jolt in the wheels. Such is life and death to many. What a lonesome place this world must be to all such! Truly did the little brooklet sing,

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

THE MOTHERS OF THE NEWSBOYS.

Mrs. McCord bade Bud and his mother good-bye, and said she would perhaps see them again before long. Then she called to see Mrs. McFadden and Jammie. When Jammie saw her coming, he ran to his mother and said: "Mudder, dare cums de angel from heben, shue. I seed her de udder day at 777 Upper Grade Avernue. No mistake. Wunder ware de kid angel am?" Mrs. McFadden was Irish, though her husband was Scotch. When Mrs. McCord entered, Jammie's mother made the sign of the cross, and holding up her hands exclaimed: "Holy Mary! what did the likes of yez iver cooin to my poor house fur? But it's mesilf that is plazed to see yees. Will yees be sated on a box, good lady? Our chairs hev not bin dalivered yit." Mrs. McCord complied. She found the furniture of the apartment much like Mrs. Buddington's, and the general condition of the family about the same, excepting that the income was a little larger, Jammie's father adding to the receipts from one — to three dollars a week by odd jobs. When Mrs. McCord was about to start, Jammie stepped up to her side, and, giving her dress a little jerk, said, "Why did n't youse bring de little kid

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

angel—de noice little gal dat sing'd like de birds and played de pianer wid de little boy?"

"I will bring her sometime, Jammie; she is at school to-day. I am so glad you enjoyed the music," answered Mrs. McCord, while she found her throat filling with emotion, and relieved herself by a slight cough.

"Is youse goin' back to heben now, ware dey hab de posies, an' de music, an' de birds, an' de picters, an' all de good tings to eat?" inquired Jammie, as he looked into her face with a sincerity that the rough exterior and street dialect of the boy could not conceal.

"Yes, Jammie; I guess you're right," said Mrs. McCord, as she thought of her splendid home, her bright, loving children, and her devoted husband; and as she started down the rickety old stairway she paused a moment to dry the tears that had come without invitation. Many do n't know they are living in heaven until they get a glimpse of the hell of hopeless poverty and social ostracism.

Mrs. McCord was not able to visit the homes of all the boys that day, but completed the round a few days later. In every place she found evi-

THE MOTHERS OF THE NEWSBOYS.

dence of extreme poverty and destitution, with a hard and continuous struggle for life. The whole environment was against the poor people. The *pull* was downward. Saloons, gambling-dens, bawdy-houses, nickel-in-the-slot machines, low wages, insufficient work, relentless landlords, abominable tenements, miserable sanitary conditions, debauched girls, vicious boys, devilish men abounded. She learned from reliable sources that many mothers and their daughters were trying to subsist, and keep out of the alms-house and the brothel, by the use of the needle, on such wages as,—

- 15 cents a dozen for white aprons ;
- 10 cents a pair for pants ;
- 4 cents apiece for plain overcoats ;
- 8 cents apiece for better ones ;
- 16 cents a dozen for schoolboys' knee-pants ;
- 6 cents apiece for men's coats ;
- 9½ cents apiece for postal pants ;
- 60 cents a dozen for the largest overalls.

And much more of the same kind. These prices have all been verified. To live in any kind of comfort and decency on such wages is simply impossible. Such scenes must make good angels weep, and devils laugh, and almost break the heart

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

of God. Surely the day of reckoning will come.
Who is responsible? Thomas Hood must have
had these poor women in view when he sang,—

“Work—work—work!

My labor never flags;

And what are its wages? A bed of straw,

A crust of bread—and rags.

That shattered roof and this naked floor—

A table—a broken chair—

And the wall so blank my shadow I thank

For sometimes falling there.

Work—work—work!

Till the brain begins to swim;

Work—work—work!

Till the eyes are heavy and dim.

Stitch—stitch—stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt—

Sewing at once a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt!”

VII.

MRS. McCORD SEEKS COUNSEL FROM HER PASTOR.

MRS. McCORD returned from her visit to the "Wicked Ward" with an oppressed heart. The disclosures were appalling. She had never supposed that such conditions could exist. Indeed, she had given herself no concern about the lower walks of life. But her attempt to follow literally the directions of the Prophet of Nazareth had led her into another world. A responsibility had been placed upon her which she could not shake off. The burden was more than she could carry alone. She must have help and counsel. She would go to her pastor. He had said, "Try it, and report results to your pastor." So she repaired to his study and gave a detailed account of her recent experience with the newsboys, her visits to their homes, and the general condition of the poor people in that part of the city of Chattahooche. She wanted to do what she could to improve their condition by letting the sunlight into some of their homes, at least; but the need

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

was so great, the poverty and degradation so overwhelming, that she almost hesitated to go forward. "Dr. Goodfellow, do tell me what to do, and how to do it," she implored, with an earnestness that disturbed the pastor's accustomed equanimity.

The doctor was delighted to hear of the good fruit produced by his prayer-meeting address. He assured her of his entire sympathy with the work, and promised all the support he could command. He called her attention to the great work of Lady Huntingdon, Elizabeth Fry, Sarah Martin, Lady Somerset, and other elect women of social eminence and wealth in England and this country. The Master had led her into this field; she could not retreat. Calif Omar had said, "Four things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the spent life, the neglected opportunity."

England's great bard had proclaimed,—

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Our own Holland had sung,—

"I hold this thing to be grandly true—
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air, and a broader view."

THE PASTOR'S COUNSEL.

The wise man of Israel had said, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The Lord's promise never goes to protest; he always pays.

The great Teacher gives the rule of final judgment on which destiny hinges, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." He never forgets our labor of love. The reward is sure. Like a liberated bird, which sometimes soars aloft and returns at night to its cage, a good deed sent out on wing is pretty sure to return, laden with benediction, to nest in the heart that sent it. "God bless you, Mrs. McCord, as I know he will. I almost envy you your grand opportunity and your ability to do so much for him whom we love," concluded the pastor.

"I thank you very much, dear pastor, for your good words of sympathy, encouragement, and inspiration," said Mrs. McCord. "I will not retreat. Whither He leads I will follow. But I want to ask you a very important question. Some of my dear friends are quite solicitous about my social position, assuming that I must abandon it, give up my friends and the Church, literally sell

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

all I have and follow Him, in order to do the work which he seems to be pointing out for me. Now, must I do this; or can I still hold my place in the social world, retain my friends, and conform to all rules and customs in society that are not absolutely forbidden by the Master?"

"In all things for which you have not a specific, 'thus saith the Lord,' you must be your own judge," answered the pastor. "But I see no reason why you may not retain your accustomed place in the circles where you have hitherto moved, thus holding your influence over your friends, and carrying the prestige of your exalted social station into your new work. He that has opened to you this marvelous field will lead you. Follow the light as he may give you light, in answer to honest prayer, and you will make no mistakes. When you want to hold a meeting among the Lord's poor, advise me, and I will be glad to serve you and my Master."

VIII.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF JAMMIE McFADDEN.

THE next morning, as Mrs. McCord was scanning the *Tribune*, her eyes fell upon the following item of local news:

“A SAD ACCIDENT.—Yesterday afternoon, as a little newsboy named Jammie McFadden, who is lame because of the shortness of one leg, was attempting to cross the street with a bundle of papers in his hands, he fell on the track immediately in front of a moving car. The wheels passed over the lame limb. He was at once carried to his mother’s room in the Hathaway Tenement Block, close by, where his leg was amputated just above the knee. The brave little fellow bore the operation like a hero. He was resting easy at last report, but it is thought he was injured internally, and doubts of his recovery are entertained.”

Desiring to reach the suffering boy as soon as possible, Mrs. McCord immediately ordered her own carriage. Remembering Jammie’s re-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

quest that she should bring "de little kid angel" the next time she visited him, she asked Adelia to go with her. Just as they were seated in the carriage, Bud came running on the sidewalk, and handed Mrs. McCord a note. She opened and read:

"MRS. MCCORD,—Me dear little Jammie's a-dyin', and me poor heart is a-breakin'. He wants to see yees. Coome quick. MRS. MCFADDEN."

Mrs. McCord directed her coachman to drive as fast as possible to the Hathaway Tenement Block. When she entered the room she found Jammie lying on a very plain pallet of straw, supported by two boards, the ends resting on two small boxes. His father and mother, with Bud's mother, and an Irish policeman, were the only persons present. Jammie was very pale and weak from the loss of blood. When he saw Mrs. McCord and Adelia, his eyes brightened, and a sad smile crept slowly over his little face. "I was crossin' de street," he said, "to sell a pape to de cop, and I falled down, and de wheels caught me leg. Say, ware is de udder leg? Wat de doctor cut it off fur? Did youse cum to take me to heben,

DEATH OF JAMMIE M'FADDEN.

ware youse hab de purty flow'rs, an' de picters, an' de noice tings to eat? Dey does n't hab no street-cars dare, does dey?"

"Yes, Jammie," said Mrs. McCord, as she tried to hide her tears; "a good strong Man will take you to heaven."

"Was dat him at youse house de udder day?"

"No, Jammie; a stronger and better Man than he will come for you."

"Wat am hes noime, and how does hes look?" inquired the little sufferer, with some anxiety about the coming of an entire stranger.

"His name is Jesus, and he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Did you ever hear of him, Jammie?"

"Yes 'am; I hear'd de Salbation lassie singin' about him de udder night just afore the car struct me. He do n't care nuffin' 'bout a poor kid, de likes of me."

"Yes, he does, Jammie; and he sent me to tell you he was coming for you."

"How soon will hes come? We haint got no chare for hes to sot on when hes comes."

"O, do n't worry about that, Jammie; he will not need a chair."

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

Observing Adelia, Jammie inquired: "Is dat de little kid angel? Youse sed you would brin' 'er de next time. Wud de little angel please sing fur dis kid?"

Adelia drew a little closer to the bed, holding the hand of her mother, and sang that sweet little song:

"Jesus will help you ; Jesus will help you ;
Help you with grace from on high ;
The weakest and poorest the Savior is calling,
Jesus will help if you try."

By this time they were all in tears except the singer, while the rough policeman turned his face away, and looked out of the window to hide his emotion.

"Wat 's youse all a-cryin' fur? Youse makes me feel bad," said Jammie, while his voice, growing weaker all the time, quivered a little.

"Won't you try, Jammie?" said Mrs. McCord.

"Yes 'am; I is a a-tryin'," replied the little fellow. "Is de night a-comin'? Light de lamp, mudder; I can't see youse all very much. Who am dat man? Am dat de strong man a-comin' fur me? I sees him a-comin' down de big hill, wid a white robe in hes hand. All de purty

DEATH OF JAMMIE M'FADDEN.

angels am a-comin' wid him. He's a-comin' tow'rd me. Mudder, I'll hab to go wid him, he's axin' me so noice. Mudder, won't you go wid me? Fadder, won't you go too?"

Just then Bud entered the room. Mrs. McCord took him by the hand and led him to the bedside of Jammie. After a few moments, Jammie opened his eyes, and when he saw Bud, said: "I's a-goin' to heben, Bud. De last edishun am out and sold. 'Ere's yer mornin' *Trib-b-b*. G-o-o-d-b-y-e, B-u-d." Then he rallied a little and said: "Put out de lamp. It am daylight now. O, de purty flow'rs, an' de good angels! O, de light, de b'utiful light! Who am dat little angel reachin' his hands to me? Dat looks like Tammie [a little brother who died when three years old]. I must go. De's all a-beck'nin' me to cum. G-o-o-d-b——."

All stood speechless for a few moments, finding relief only in silent tears and smothered sobs. Jammie's father was the first to break the silence. "The bairn was always a gude laddie. I dinna ken an onkaind word he spake to his mither or his fayther. 'Ere's me 'and, Jammie, to meet ye ower there," and he took the little white hand,

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

still warm, into his own, and holding it, continued: "He looks so muckle laike Tammie. It will be very lonesum when he is gane. I dinna ken how his mither and me will leeve without the laddie. Gude-bye, Jammie, gude-bye."

The Irish policeman, who had not spoken until now, ventured, with true Irish earnestness, this tribute: "There niver was a betther lad in the ward. It's mesilf that always loved the b'y, and any mon that dares to conthradict what I say will fail the waight of me shelaily. I belave the lad went strate to heven, without aven stoppin' to take off his cap to the holy St. Pether. And it's mesilf that will be afther thryin' to mate him there, though by the mim'ry of St. Pathrick, I may have to spend soomtime in purgat'ory on the way. But niver moind that."

Mrs. McCord laid her hands on Mrs. McFadden's shoulder, and lovingly said: "Poor little Jammie is now at rest. You will keep your promise to meet him."

"To be shure I will, Mrs. McCord. I would be plazed to go this minute if I could."

Mrs. McCord stepped aside and soliloquized thus for a moment: "I have quietly trodden the

DEATH OF JAMMIE M'FADDEN.

aisles of the grandest cathedral of the greatest nation on the earth, amid the sleeping dust of the world's most eminent men and women, with the forms of the departed dead, chiseled in marble or painted on canvas, looking down upon me; I have felt the solemn hush of the place, and yet fancied I could almost hear the sound of voices now 'still,' or feel the touch of hands now 'vanished,' as I literally walked through these chambers of the dead. But I have never been so impressed with the truth of immortality, and the reality of a Divine presence, as in this simple abode to-day, when God sent his chariots and angels to convey this little unknown newsboy to the mansions above."

Mrs. McCord begged the privilege of making all the arrangements for the funeral, which was to occur at two o'clock the next afternoon, and of meeting all expenses. The following newsboys were selected as pallbearers: George Budington, Ole Olson, Jacob Isaacs, and Joseph Banker. Dr. Goodfellow conducted the religious services. Mrs. McCord had sent a rug which nearly covered the floor, with a dozen chairs, and a few plain pictures, all of which were left per-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

manently in the house. A few flowers were also placed on the white casket. The two rooms were crowded with the families of the other eleven newsboys and other friends. Dr. Goodfellow spoke brief but loving words of sympathy to the parents, and of counsel to all present. The hymn, "Jesus will help if you try," led by Adelia, was sung. A neatly-dressed and respectable-looking stranger was present, whom nobody seemed to know. He was observed to look for quite a while at the pale face of little Jammie, and then, turning toward the wall, his lips were seen moving, apparently in silent prayer, as he wiped an unbidden tear from his eye. Then he retired from the company before any one could speak to him. They laid Jammie McFadden away on the shore of the great lake, where, amid the sighing of the winds and the sobbing of the waves, his little body will sleep until the "strong Man" calls it forth on the morning of the great uprising of the dead, the stars meantime keeping vigil over the sacred dust until the consummation of all things.

Mrs. McCord was now linked by another tie to the newsboys and their families, and to others in the ward. The door was opening wider and

DEATH OF JAMMIE M'FADDEN.

still wider. She seemed to be irresistibly led on further and further. She was being directed by One who makes no mistakes, and she was cheerfully following. She was having a heavy draft upon her sympathy; but she was already receiving her "recompense" in part.

IX.

SENSATION IN THE CHURCH OF THE UPPER STRATA.

THE next Sabbath was a beautiful, soft, autumnal day. The leaves were changing from summer green to a golden hue of many shades, suggestive of the maturity and ripening of righteous character. Some were falling to the ground, emblems of the ending of a finished life. The grass in the lawns had that rich emerald tinge that characterizes it for a short time before it succumbs to the chilling winds and biting frosts of the lake region. The singing of the birds did not have that bright and youthful cadence of the springtime, when they first make their appearance, but partook rather of a slight minor chord, yet mature and deep, as if they had learned something of the shortness of life from the fleeting summer, and were anticipating a change of scene, if not an end of their songs. It was just such a

SENSATION IN CHURCH.

day as would incline all thoughtful people to find their way to a temple of worship.

The Church of the Upper Strata was crowded with as fashionable and wealthy a congregation as ever convened in the great city of Chatahooche. For a half hour the avenue in front of the building was filled with magnificent private conveyances, drawn by splendid horses, decked in silver-mounted harness, in charge of gayly-liveried coachmen. Two Negro servants met the people at their carriage-doors and directed them to the entrance of the place of worship. Splendidly-attired ushers preceded the gathering throng to their pews, while the great organ softly whispered the sweet melodies of a sacred sonata. The air was vocal with the rustling of satins and silks, like the swish of angel wings. The glitter of diamonds, pearls, and other precious jewels, as brilliant and numerous as those that sparkled on the gates of the heavenly city, combined with radiant sunbeams flowing through the stained-glass windows, presented a picture of mellow beauty not often witnessed. All were proud of their magnificent temple, their superb music, their ten-thousand-dollar organ, their eloquent young

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

pastor, and their own lofty social standing and assumed financial security. Doubtless many congratulated themselves that they were so comfortably situated, never dreaming they could be disturbed. Dr. Goodfellow had, during the week, thought much of what Mrs. McCord had reported concerning her work, and the material, intellectual, and religious destitution of the people of the "Wicked Ward."

As he surveyed this great congregation, which represented wealth, social power, intellectual brilliancy, and unmeasured possibilities for uplifting the oppressed, he could hear the cry of widows and orphans; the appeal of overworked and underpaid women and girls of the "sweat-shops;" the blasphemy and bacchanalian revelry of saloons and gamling-hells; the violent screams of debauched virtue; the devilish jeers and jokes of lustful men; the groans of the dying in the midst of fetid air and foul water; the protest of blushing purity in rooms where a dozen or more of both sexes were crowded together, like cattle in a stock-car. When he remembered that his Church was doing nothing to relieve or mitigate these awful conditions, excepting what Mrs.

SENSATION IN CHURCH.

McCord was proposing and doing, and that, for even this, she was already becoming the subject of unfriendly criticism and the target for ironical shafts, his soul was stirred. He needed to pray for the grace of self-control and temperate speech. He had selected for his text this morning: "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." The introductory services were over, excepting the solo just before the sermon. The best vocalist which a salary of fifteen hundred dollars would command rendered a magnificent composition on the ineffable glory and superlative joy of the eternal life. As the singer took her seat, amid the retreating harmonies of the splendid organ, the faces of the people had an appearance of indescribable self-satisfaction and mutual admiration. Just as Dr. Goodfellow rose to read his text, a very respectable-looking gentleman, occupying an end seat of the middle aisle, near the front, stepped out into the aisle, and addressing

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

the pastor, asked permission to repeat just a few words from the Scriptures. He was a man about thirty-five years of age, with full whiskers and a moustache closely trimmed, with a slight sprinkling of premature iron-gray in his hair and beard, and about five feet ten inches in height. His dress was neither shabby nor extravagant, but moderately genteel, such as would not attract attention anywhere, or distinguish him in any crowd. His face was open and kind, just such as would invite confidence and approach from any one in trouble. His voice was a strong, sympathetic baritone, full of pathos. There was nothing of the "holy tone" in it, indicative of death and the judgment-day; nor anything of the cant and intolerance of the professional crank or the peripatetic fanatic. He was a stranger to all. No one had ever seen him before, excepting the pastor and Mrs. McCord, both of whom recognized him as the unknown man at Jammie McFadden's funeral. To all others he was like Melchisedec in the matter of his genealogy, and like John the Baptist in the suddenness of his appearing. There was an awesomeness in the air of the place, and a significant quietness among the people, like that

SENSATION IN CHURCH.

which precedes a cyclone or the eruption of a volcano. The pastor did not deny the stranger's request, but signed his assent to proceed. The unknown man then spoke the following Scripture texts, facing the congregation:

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins. Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure, and exact all your labors. Is it such a fast that I have chosen? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to *deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?* when thou seest the naked, that thou clothe him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward. . . . Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it. And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward. Take heed how ye hear."

Then the stranger walked slowly down the aisle to the door. With his hand upon the door-knob, he looked back upon the congregation, and was astonished to see that all had turned in their seats, with their eyes fixed intently upon him. He then added these parting words: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth. The watchman shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

Then he quietly left the church, without any one having an opportunity to speak to him. The people looked into one another's faces, and at their pastor, who remained standing through the entire incident. He looked at the people and toward the door that had just closed on the de-

SENSATION IN CHURCH.

parting stranger. Without speaking a word, he first read his text, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." The words fell with an unusual weight upon the people; they will never forget them. The pastor stated that the episode which had just occurred was as much a surprise to him as to the congregation; that he could not imagine who the stranger was, or what his object could be. "His words, however, were Scriptural and most significant, while the speaker was certainly not a fanatic nor a crank. Perhaps we may hear from him again, and know more about him." Then he delivered a very plain, tender, but wonderfully earnest discourse, defining the Church and its most important work. It was not a social club, nor an æsthetic society, nor a mutual-admiration guild. It was rather a hospital where the lame, the halt, the blind, and the poor should be gathered for treatment and for edification in true manhood. It should consider and further everything pertaining to the religious, intellectual, social, sanitary, and industrial improvement of the people. If it did not do this, it was not doing the work of the Master. It should not be exclusive of any

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

class or condition. It should be as broad as the sympathy of its Founder, as liberal as the creed of the apostle to the Gentiles, as tender as the loving John, and as practical as the pointed James, who said that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." "I am afraid," he continued, "our Church is misnamed, if it is understood that none but people of the higher strata are to be welcomed among us. History teaches that when a Church fails to do its divinely-ordered work, it forfeits its right to be called a Christian Church, and will sooner or later be supplanted by another more 'after the mind of the Master.' Brethren, I feel deeply on this subject. We must change our policy and conform to the teaching and methods of the Man of Nazareth, otherwise I am afraid our days as a Church will soon be numbered."

The people of the great congregation never retired from a service so quietly and solemnly. But little social intercourse was had in the aisles or at the doors. Various opinions were expressed about the pastor's sermon and the unusual ad-

SENSATION IN CHURCH.

dress of the stranger. All admitted the sincerity and devotion of the pastor, but some criticised the stranger. An indefinable feeling was in the air to the effect that the Church of the Upper Strata was approaching some kind of a crisis.

X.

MRS. McCORD DISCUSSED IN THE LADIES' CLUB.

ON Tuesday of this week the Ladies' Club of the Church of the Upper Strata met at the residence of Mrs. Patterson, who was its president. The uppermost thought in all minds was the sermon and incident of the preceding Sabbath, and the new departure of Mrs. McCord. So dominating was this thought that, for the time, all other things were forgotten. Mrs. Patterson called the Club to order, and remarked that it might be well to consider, first, some recent occurrences in their Church. "It seems strange to me," she said, "that our pastor should be changing his policy and style of preaching. What are we coming to, when an entire stranger can interrupt the solemn services of the sanctuary as was done last Sabbath? It nearly made me sick, after that splendid solo, to listen to such an harangue as he gave us. But what distresses me most of all is to think that Mrs. McCord, whom we all so highly esteem and

A DISCUSSION IN THE LADIES' CLUB.

have always delighted to follow, should be doing such strange things. I suppose the ladies know that she has recently had a lot of those horrid 'street Arabs,' the newsboys, at her home for dinner, and that she has actually been making calls on the mothers of these boys. To think that a leading member of the Church of the Upper Strata would so forget herself, and so humiliate her friends, is simply incomprehensible to me. O dear! What shall we do?"

"If things go on this way, we might as well change our church into a Salvation Army barracks, or a Methodist revival outfit," said Mrs. B. with a sarcastic smile.

Mrs. F. thought "it was only one of those temporary frenzies that sometimes seize even good people, and that Mrs. McCord and the pastor would come out all right before long."

Mrs. D. was greatly outraged in her feelings that "the pastor never interposed an objection to that crank speaking Sunday, and that the officers of the Church made no attempt to arrest him for disturbing the worship of a Christian assembly, the most wealthy and aristocratic of the city. What will our society friends say?" and she ap-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

plied her smelling-bottle and fanned herself briskly.

Mrs. P. thought it was "indeed strange if people of high birth and eminent social rank could not worship with their own kind, and in a congenial way, when they paid for it, without being disturbed with sermons about the condition of hoodlums and threatenings about the judgment-day." And then she removed her eye-glasses, looked through her lorgnette at the ladies in the furthest end of the room, wiped and replaced her glasses, turned around in her chair, and settled down with an air of superb satisfaction, looking very wise.

Mrs. T. suggested that "if Mrs. McCord felt called to work among the poorer classes, there could be no objection to her joining some Church that was in sympathy with that kind of charity. She is a lady of intelligence and culture, and she will certainly not try to impose her opinions or plans upon a high-class Church like ours, whose field of operations is exclusively among people of the highest grade. I think it would be wise for our president to suggest to her that she might withdraw. Dr. Goodfellow can resign if our

A DISCUSSION IN THE LADIES' CLUB.

Church is not congenial to him ;” and then she put her cambric handkerchief to her mouth, coughed a mild cough, and looked as if she had solved the problem.

Several others spoke in the same vein. It seemed as if the sentiment was all going one way. But a close observer might have noticed some agitation and whispering among the ladies who had not yet spoken. After a few moments' pause, Mrs. R., a middle-aged lady, of much influence in the club, ventured the opinion that “it might be well to move slowly. There is danger in haste. Too much is involved in this matter to talk lightly about our pastor resigning and Mrs. McCord withdrawing. Furthermore, we are all fallible creatures, and it might be possible that they are right and we are wrong. At any rate, I counsel moderation and patience.”

As she closed a shade of disappointment passed over the faces of the first speakers. Others were also encouraged to express themselves. Mrs. L., a little woman of strong independent proclivities, and with a good deal of spirit, said:

“Well, it is my opinion that it is about time something were done to stir this old fossilized

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

Church. We have not had a soul converted in the last twenty-five years that anybody has ever heard of. We seem to be wrapped up in ourselves, and spend most of our time in mutual compliments and admiration. Anybody with an enthusiastic nature will soon cool off here. There is certainly refrigerating power enough in the Church of the Upper Strata to prevent immediate decomposition, and, of course, that counts for something. For my part, I hope that unknown man will come again and stir up the dry bones. And as for the newsboys and their poor mothers, I hope Mrs. McCord will bring a street-car load of them next Sabbath, and seat them in the front pews. It would give variety and zest to the service."

At the close of these remarks there was a general stir among the ladies; some were laughing, and some were frowning. The president rapped on the table for order. Three or four sprang to their feet to speak, though hitherto all the speakers had remained sitting. Some one in the company then started the familiar hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

A DISCUSSION IN THE LADIES' CLUB.

This, though slightly grotesque, had the effect of quieting the excitement a little, when Mrs. S. delivered herself as follows:

"Ladies, I believe something is going to happen; the signs are appearing; there is a noise in the air. The Lord is calling this Church to do something for the world. It has been working chiefly for itself hitherto. I say 'Amen' to all Mrs. McCord is doing, and I stand by Dr. Goodfellow. That unknown man said something about the Master not 'coming to bring peace, but a sword.' May be the 'sword,' or something else, is even now hanging over this Church."

These remarks did not tend to quiet things very much. Some of the ladies were now in tears; others were shaking their heads and whispering aloud to each other. Mrs. Patterson asked the servant to lower the windows and let in some fresh air. Some one suggested that it might be well to pray a little before they proceeded any further. The president said: "A good suggestion. Will some lady please pray?" All bowed their heads, but no one prayed. Perhaps not a member of the Club had ever prayed publicly in her life. Fortunately, however, a good Methodist sister,

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

who was visiting a member, and had an invitation to come with her to the meeting that afternoon, relieved the embarrassment. When it became evident that no one would respond to the president's request, her friend nudged her, and said: "Do pray and help us out of this plight. You know how; we do n't." She kneeled and offered this brief petition:

"Dear Lord, these good sisters seem to have come to the 'parting of the way.' They are very much divided. They do n't seem to know which way to go. Some feeling is manifested. They seem to be approaching a crisis in their Church. Thou art evidently calling them to something better; it may be to unknown sacrifice, or to unselfish consecration to Christly work. Dear Lord, temper their variant spirits; guide them to right conclusions, and bless them with the mind of love; gentleness, and forbearance that characterized the blessed Savior. Amen."

Just as the prayer closed, Mrs. McCord entered the room. The president was a little confused. The ladies looked at each other. The situation was certainly embarrassing. Finally, some one suggested that the Club would be pleased

A DISCUSSION IN THE LADIES' CLUB.

to hear a few words from Mrs. McCord concerning her new work. The ladies were too polite to interpose any objection. So, without knowing what had just taken place in the meeting, Mrs. McCord gave a brief and very tender report of her recent experience. She told of the prayer-meeting and the pastor's address; of her impression and decision; of the dinner for the twelve newsboys; of her visit to their homes; of their poverty and the general destitution of the people in the "Wicked Ward;" of the death and burial of little Jammie McFadden; of the great peace that had come to her in this new work; and of her determination to go forward as the Master might open the way and direct. She would not neglect any work in her own Church that she had heretofore been doing; she would not give up her place among her many dear friends with whom she had been associated so long; she did not ask any of the ladies to join her in her new field, only as the Master might call them; she hoped she might still have their love, their sympathy, and their prayers.

When she concluded, most of the ladies were in tears. Those who had spoken so sharply against

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

her would gladly have recalled what they had said ; but Mrs. Patterson seemed unmoved. After coolly but politely thanking her for the favor she had conferred upon the Club, she declared the meeting adjourned.

XI.

THE UNKNOWN MAN VISITS THE DIAMOND SALOON.

SUPERSTITION, to some extent, characterizes all men. Who will not avoid, if possible, looking at the new moon the first time, over the left shoulder, or starting on a journey on Friday? Protest as much as we may that we do not believe in such things, it is nevertheless true that most persons are the subjects of superstitious fears. The hooting of a night-owl, the howling of a dog when some one is sick—in short, any unusual noise in any unusual place sends a shiver through most of us. This is easily explained by the fact of man's instinctive belief in the presence of supernatural forces and beings in the world. It is only when one yields to excessive superstitious fear that fanaticism waits in one's path.

There were not a few persons in the Church of the Upper Strata who were very strangely impressed by the sudden appearance of the Unknown Man, and by what he said. Some went so far

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

as to suggest that he might be a prophet sent to warn them of approaching calamity, though what it might be they could not conjecture. They were in prosperous circumstances. Everything was moving along to their satisfaction, judging by superficial appearances. But there was a nameless feeling among a number that something was going to happen out of the ordinary, and that the appearance of the Unknown Man might be a warning. And they were confirmed in this apprehension by an examination and study of the words of Holy Writ which he had uttered, many of them, with the aid of their concordances, having sought out these passages in their Bibles.

A few days later this mysterious character made his appearance in the Diamond Saloon, in the "Wicked Ward." This was the largest, and, if possible, the most disreputable place of resort in the entire ward. There were connected with it a wine-room and various gambling devices. Both sexes, especially of the young, were enticed thither. Many mothers' hearts were broken, and their lives clouded, by the wrecks that were made in this saloon. It would seem that this Unknown Man, being in search of the pivotal points of in-

THE DIAMOND SALOON.

fluence, both for good and evil, among the high and low, had learned of this place. So one night, about ten o'clock, he entered the Diamond. There were perhaps fifty people present, among them quite a sprinkling of girls from fifteen to twenty years old. Some were standing in front of the bar, drinking; others were sitting at tables, playing cards or throwing dice. All were more or less intoxicated. Considerable loud talking prevailed, with an occasional ribald song. The entrance of the stranger was not observed, or at least attracted no attention. Looking over the room and listening for a few moments, he rapped several times upon the counter of the bar, which brought comparative quiet. Then, moving toward the tables, he mounted a chair, and in a clear, distinct voice spoke as follows:

“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup,

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. . . . Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken, that thou mayest look on his nakedness. Thou art filled with shame for glory; drink thou and let thy foreskin be uncovered; the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory. . . . Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"There, that's enough, old man; this hain't no prayer-meetin'," said one, adding a nameless expletive.

"Put him out! Put him out!" cried a half dozen others, as they moved toward him with threatening aspect.

"Let him alone!" shouted several others. "This is a free country, and every man has a right

THE DIAMOND SALOON.

to express his own opinion. Go on! Go on, old man, until you 've spoke your piece."

This seemed to quiet the more boisterous fellows, and they sat down again. Then the speaker walked toward the door, but before going out, he turned to the motley crowd and said:

"The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing, therefore, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

The cry was renewed: "Put him out! Put him out! We 've had enough of that preachin'," and suiting the action to the word, a dozen sprang to their feet, and started towards the door. As many others jumped from their seats, and cried: "No you do n't. Let him alone. He 's all right. Sit down! Sit down, you crooks," and stepping between the belligerent fellows, who were intent

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

on putting him out, and the speaker, they pushed them back toward their seats at the tables. This was the signal for a general drunken mêlée. Blow after blow followed; chairs began to fly through the air; tables were overturned; beer-mugs were flying like bullets in a battle; girls were screaming; the lights were turned down, and the doors were locked. In the midst of the uproar the Unknown Man left the place, without any one seeing him, excepting a policeman who met him at the door just as he was going out. Supposing he had something to do with the row within, he put him under arrest, and marched him off to the nearest police station, where he was bound over to appear at the municipal court the next morning under the charge of disorderly conduct. Long before the officer returned to the Diamond, all the inmates had disappeared through a side door, and made good their escape.

The Unknown Man appeared at the municipal court the next morning at nine o'clock. The judge questioned the officer concerning the arrest:

Judge—"What did you see this man doing?"

Policeman—"Nothin', sir."

Judge—"What did you arrest him for?"

THE DIAMOND SALOON.

Policeman—"Because, your honor, he was coming out of a saloon when there was a general row inside."

Judge—"You thought, then, he ought to have staid inside and joined in the row, I suppose, and so you arrested him."

Policeman—"No, your honor, I thought he was running away from the fight inside."

Judge—"Well, I would think that was a very wise thing to do. Did you arrest any of the fellows that were engaged in the disturbance?"

Policeman—"No, sir, your honor; you see I had to bring this man to the station, and before I got back the others were all gone, and the place was closed."

Judge—"Well, it seems to me, Mr. Officer, that you should remember that you are paid for arresting persons seen violating the law, and not a man coming quietly out of a saloon." Then turning toward the stranger, he inquired, "Has the accused anything to say?" Whereupon he arose and with a very decided tone, but gentle manner, albeit, answered on this wise:

"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost. How think ye? If a man have

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

an hundred sheep and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine that went not astray." . . . "He that judgeth me is the Lord. Therefore, judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts, and then shall every man have praise of God."

When he had concluded the judge said: "You are discharged, my friend. Clerk, return to this man his deposit for appearance, and report this officer to the mayor for arresting a peaceable citizen engaged in no misdemeanor."

Such a scene had never before occurred in this court. The judge and all the officers and spectators listened with the most profound attention to words that had a peculiar sound in that place. As the strange man retired, all eyes followed him, and some wondered if he might not be John the Baptist, risen from the dead, or one of the prophets of Israel, or the Son of man himself.

XII.

A DINNER TO THE MOTHERS OF THE TWELVE NEWSBOYS.

CARRYING out still further the teaching of the Master, Mrs. McCord invited the mothers of the twelve newsboys, and her own regular washer-woman, to dinner at her house. The effect was magical. These mothers and wives seemed ten years younger when they arrived at 777 Upper Grade Avenue. Their appearance surprised even Mrs. McCord. They were neatly attired in plain material. Evidently they had purchased new dresses for the occasion. The fine home and yard, with the flowers, pictures, and music, were a revelation to them. The dinner was composed of the substantials of the market, nothing being on the table for mere show. The natural politeness and winning manner of the hostess relieved the guests from all embarrassment. Somehow they felt that she was their friend. Their effort to be courteous, and the gentleness with which they addressed each other and Mrs. McCord, indicated most clearly

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

that either they had seen better days, or that a new inspiration had come to them, which evoked the womanly instinct of tenderness and love, and put them on their best behavior. It need scarcely be said that they enjoyed beyond description the kindness of Mrs. McCord. But it is a question whether their enjoyment exceeded that of their hostess. When they reached their homes that afternoon, a general cleaning up of each habitation followed. When the newsboys arrived in the evening they scarcely recognized their quarters as the same they had left in the morning. Their suppers were an improvement over the ordinary in both quantity and quality, Mrs. McCord having supplied each guest with a good-sized basket, well filled, to take home with her. These worthy women performed work, some for the sweat-shop contractors, some as washerwomen, some as scrubbers and house-cleaners. It was noted that their work after this was much better done than usual. Heretofore they had wrought in a sour and angry spirit; now they mingled songs with their daily toil. The "dinner" was an epoch in their lives. It was an oasis in the barren wilderness of their poverty and isolation. It was more: it was a pivotal point

A DINNER TO THE MOTHERS.

in their careers. From this time forth, life was to have a new meaning to them. Hitherto they had simply *existed*; henceforth they were to *live*. They might not have much more to live on, but they would make a better use of what they had. Most of all, they would be relieved of that oppressive isolation which crushed out all their humane and finer impulses, and begot within a hatred for all other people in better circumstances. Now somebody was thinking about them, and trying to make life worth living, and they would prove themselves worthy of such thought and kindness.

The wildest animal can be tamed, if taken in time, when it discovers that its keeper is contributing to its happiness, even though that happiness be on the lowest plane of animality. Ferocious natures always respond to kindness. Many rich possibilities lie unseen under thorns, and briers, and thistles, that can be brought to the surface by kindly treatment. The right recognition of human relationships, with sympathetic helpfulness, will solve all questions and adjust all wrongs. When will the teachers, and leaders, and employers of men learn this truth?

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

Dr. Goodfellow had said to Mrs. McCord that he knew no reason why she might not retain her place in society and prosecute her special work; and she had announced at the Ladies' Club that she did not intend to give up the numerous friends with whom she had so long been associated. In pursuance of this determination she gave a large reception to her friends, as had been her custom for years. About four hundred invitations were issued. They were all gladly accepted. Mrs. McCord's former receptions had been characterized by the great abundance of everything usual on such occasions in high life. The expense never fell short of a thousand dollars. On the present occasion she had nothing but what was necessary for the comfort and real enjoyment of her guests. The expense was reduced to a little over two hundred dollars. The amount saved was applied to her work among the poor. The invited guests were unusually prompt in coming at the appointed hour. No little curiosity obtained to know just who might be there, and just what might be the character of the function. Indeed, some knowing ones had ventured the prediction that the mothers of the newsboys would be among the number, and

A DINNER TO THE MOTHERS.

that the newsboys would serve the refreshments and otherwise wait upon the guests. But Mrs. McCord was guilty of no such eccentricity. She was the same gentle, cultivated, natural lady in all her movements that she had always been. The refreshments were appropriate, albeit some things that were more for show than anything else were conspicuous by their absence. The piano and vocal music was of the highest amateur order; but the orchestra, for which she had usually paid one hundred dollars, was omitted. The afternoon was spent in delightful social intercourse. No reference was made by Mrs. McCord to her new departure, though small groups of ladies, in different parts of the large parlors, held undertone conversations on the subject, and some thought that the affair had been given in part to afford her an opportunity to report her experience. But she was not that kind of a reformer. Her work could speak for itself. The guests repaired to their homes with a higher regard for their hostess than ever before.

XIII.

GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY OF CHATTAHOOCHE.

ON Sunday night, Dr. Goodfellow took for his text these words of St. Peter: "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." He was not sensational, but very eloquent and impressive. His theme gave him a fine opportunity for his special gift in oratory. The Church of the Upper Strata was crowded to the door; for all who had heard the subject announced in the morning were anxious to hear this able preacher on such a theme. He pictured in most glowing colors the conflagration in the last day of the material world, with the "new heavens and the new earth" that were to follow, and solemnly exhorted his hearers to live "in all holy conversation and godliness." The

GREAT FIRE IN CHATTAHOOCHE.

sermon occupied more than an hour in delivery, but the interest of the congregation was close, and as he approached the end intense. The benediction was pronounced at 9.30. Just as the people reached the street they heard the cry of "*Fire! Fire! Fire!*" from all directions, while the great court-house bell was pealing forth in solemn tones the warning of an approaching calamity. The great city was on fire, and in a few hours the magnificent Church of the Upper Strata and the homes of many of its members were in ashes.

Nearly all the large cities of the world have been swept by fire one or more times in their history. In A. D. 64, the best half of Rome was reduced to ashes by order of Nero, the fire lasting eight days. In 1666 the great London fire occurred, lasting three days, and devastating four hundred and thirty-six acres, with a loss of \$53,650,000. In 1736, and again in 1862, St. Petersburg was nearly destroyed by fire. In 1752, Moscow was partly burned, eighteen thousand homes going up in smoke. Again, in 1812, the Russians fired the city to drive out Napoleon and his army. The flames continued for five days; nine-tenths of the city was destroyed; thirty thousand houses

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

were burned, with a loss of \$150,000,000. In 1729 a great fire occurred in Constantinople, with a loss of twelve thousand buildings and seven thousand lives. In 1822, Canton was nearly destroyed. In 1845 a large part of Pittsburg went down under the sweep of a conflagration. In 1851 more than three-fourths of the city of St. Louis was burned. In 1866, Portland, Maine, was devastated, two hundred acres being laid in ashes. In 1872 the heart of Boston was consumed. In 1871 the greatest fire of modern times occurred in Chicago. The fire continued for two days. Seventeen thousand four hundred and fifty buildings were destroyed; two hundred and fifty lives were lost; nearly one hundred thousand persons were made homeless and houseless; valuation of property destroyed, \$196,000,000. The space covered by the devastation was 2,124 acres, being five miles in length and from one to one and a half miles in width.

There had been several months of extremely hot and dry weather preceding the great fire in Chattahooche, so that everything was ready for the match. To favor the devastation, the wind was blowing a gale. The wooden buildings added

GREAT FIRE IN CHATTAHOOCHE.

to the rapid spread of the flames. The wind carried sparks and burning shingles in advance, starting a dozen conflagrations at different places simultaneously. Onward the fiery wave swept, leveling block after block. Solid granite buildings crumbled to dust. Iron frames twisted and curled like tangled brush. Street-car rails were torn up and bent like hooks. Flames issued from the windows of tall buildings on either side of the street, and met and embraced in mid-air like living serpents, then darted upward to the clouds of smoke, or anon downward to the hot earth. High in the air enormous sheets of flame instantaneously appeared, which spread and settled like a great cloth over scores of houses, barely giving the inhabitants time to escape. Great, balloon-like masses of fire swept through the air, and suddenly descended to the earth, like water-spouts, destroying, as they exploded, every trace of human life and property. These remarkable phenomena were explained by the liberation of vast quantities of carbonic acid from union with other elements, as a result of the intense heat. An eyewitness says:

“From the roof of a tall warehouse to which

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

the writer climbed, the sight was one of unparalleled sublimity and terror. He was above almost the whole fire. He could feel the heat and smoke and hear the maddened Babel of sounds, and it required but little imagination to believe one's self looking over the adamantine bulwarks of hell, into the bottomless pit. The faces in the crowd could be seen on the streets below, but not their bodies. All faces were white and upturned. Far away, indeed for miles around, could be seen, ringed by a circle of red light, the sea of rooftops, broken by spires and tall chimneys. In the eastward was the black angry lake.

"The brute creation was crazed. The horses, maddened by the heat and noise, and irritated by falling sparks, neighed and screamed, and roared and kicked, and bit each other, or stood with drooping tails and rigid legs, ears laid back, wild with amazement, shivering as with cold. Dogs ran hither and thither, howling dismally. When there was a lull in the roaring of the fire and wind, far-off dogs could be heard baying, and cocks crowing, at the unusual light. Flocks of beautiful pigeons wheeled up aimlessly, circled blindly, and fell into the raging fire beneath! At a bird-

GREAT FIRE IN CHATTAHOOCHE.

fancier's store, the cries of his imprisoned pets sounded like human wailings as the suffocating flames reached them.

"The people were mad. They crowded upon frail coigns of vantage, as fences and high sidewalks, which fell beneath their weight, and hurled them bruised and bleeding into the dust, and were trampled under foot by the surging crowd. Seized with wild and causeless panic, they surged together, backward and forward, in the narrow streets, cursing, threatening, imploring, fighting to get free. Liquor flowed like water; for the saloons were broken open and despoiled, and men on all sides were seen frenzied with drink. They smashed windows with their naked hands, and with bloody fingers rifled till and shelf and cellar, fighting viciously for the spoils of their forage. Women, hollow-eyed and brazen-faced, with filthy drapery tied over them, moved here and there, scolding, stealing, fighting, laughing at the beautiful and splendid crash of walls and falling roofs. Everywhere dust, smoke, flame, heat, thunder of falling walls, crackle of fire, hissing of water, panting of engines, shouts of firemen, braying of trumpets, wind, tumult, and uproar. No wonder

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

many thought the world was coming to an end and the judgment-day at hand."

No pen can describe the horror of that night. People flocked before the fire like sheep driven to the slaughter. The weather was bleak and cold, and the wind was blowing furiously. And there, in the darkness of the night, on the houseless prairies, delicate women tried to sleep with their babies clasped to their bosoms, or moaned in unspeakable anguish, longing for the coming of the day, and yet dreading its dawn. One would think that such scenes of distress would soften the hearts of the most obdurate; yet even there armed patrols were needed to guard the helpless from robbery and the baser passion of brutes in human form. Not only were houses broken open and pillaged, but assault, arson, and murder were not infrequent. Vigilant committees were organized, who promptly disposed of the culprits that were caught, by hanging or shooting. In some cases maddened citizens fell upon the miscreants, and beat them to death on the streets.

The foregoing is the darkest side of the picture of this great calamity. It has a brighter side, which relieves the scene somewhat. It was the

GREAT FIRE IN CHATTAHOOCHE.

occasion for the outbursting of sympathy and practical helpfulness that points to the "divinity that is within" many men. Nearly every city, town, and village in the United States immediately came to the relief of the stricken city. Besides, every nation in Europe, including crowned heads, responded with most gratifying promptness and liberality. England contributed \$500,000. Some gifts came from the distant Orient.

XIV.

JENNIE PATTERSON LOST IN THE GREAT FIRE.

MR. McCORD suffered but little by the fire. His fine residence was outside of the burned district, and his large factory was in the suburbs. All he lost was his city office, which was covered by insurance. His business did not suffer even a temporary suspension, but indeed increased rapidly during the year. But many of the members of Dr. Goodfellow's Church suffered largely. Some lost everything, so that the question of rebuilding their church edifice was necessarily postponed.

Mr. Patterson suffered considerably. Both his business-house and residence were destroyed. But having large insurance on each, he immediately proceeded to rebuild, while his business was carried on in a temporary place. But he and his wife met with a loss that memorable night which can never be appraised by material things. They had left their only child, Jennie, at home with

LOST IN THE GREAT FIRE.

the servant while they went to church. Before they reached their home, returning, their beautiful residence was in flames. The servant had run with Jennie to the street, and the two were caught by the stream of people in flight from the fire, which seemed to pursue them like an avenging Nemesis, and drove them along, they knew not whither. In the excitement Jennie was lost. When the servant found her way to Mrs. McCord's, the next morning, where Mrs. Patterson was stopping, she startled her by reporting that Jennie had become separated from her the night before in the fleeing crowd, and that she had not the remotest idea where she was, thus confirming the harrowing fears that had haunted Mr. and Mrs. Patterson all night long. Mrs. Patterson was prostrated with grief, and her husband was temporarily unfitted for business. Being their only child, they were greatly attached to her. And well they might be; for she was an unusually pretty, bright girl. Her general form was well-proportioned and graceful; her eyes were a soft sky-blue, lustrous and penetrating; her hair auburn, flowing in beautiful waves over her back; the expression of her face had about it all the

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

innocence, sweetness, and intelligence of a girl of her age. Many children were lost during that awful night, and hundreds of parents were frantic with grief and anxiety. It was impossible to obtain any information concerning them; the police department was deranged, the military force was busy, and everything, for the present at least, was in confusion and chaos. The parents of Jennie could not tell whether she had been lost, stolen, kidnaped, decoyed, burned in the fire, or trodden to death by the maddened crowds. Indeed, it would have been some relief to know that she was dead. Of course they reported her to the police headquarters, with full description, and also advertised in the papers, offering a liberal reward for her return, or for any information concerning her, whether dead or alive. But the weary days came and went with no tidings from the lost darling.

The "Wicked Ward" was only scorched a little by the fire. The newsboys were reaping a harvest from the increased sale of papers caused by the great calamity. Mrs. McCord found a little time, after devoting herself to the relief and comfort of her friends who had suffered, to look after her

LOST IN THE GREAT FIRE.

new field of opportunity. Desiring to hold a public meeting, she sought out and rented a hall large enough to accommodate about three hundred persons. Then she had printed two thousand little circulars containing the following notice:

“A meeting will be held in Oak Hall next Sunday at three o’clock P. M. to consider what can be done to improve the homes of the people in the ‘Wicked Ward.’ All fathers and mothers are kindly invited to be present. Good music, and short addresses will be made by several speakers interested in the people.”

These were put into the hands of the eleven newsboys to be distributed the Saturday preceding the meeting.

Dr. Goodfellow’s people were very much broken up by the fire, as indeed were most of the congregations within the burned district. He was therefore at liberty to use his time as he might think best. And being so much interested in Mrs. McCord’s experiment, for which he was mainly responsible, he determined to assist her all he could. So he engaged to attend the meeting announced, and also to hold a service at night in the same place. Indeed, he was no little troubled as

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

to what his duty in the future might be. While he had a most desirable pastorate in many ways, with a salary of \$3,000 a year, he was by no means satisfied with the result of his labors. His mind was broad, his sympathy genuine and profound, his love for, and devotion to, the Master supreme. This was only his second charge. He was young and unmarried. His life work was all before him. His superior training in college, and his extensive foreign travel, had not in the least weakened his conviction that the Christian Church was delinquent in its duty towards the lower strata of society. Recent occurrences during the great fire had confirmed him in the belief that there was a menagerie of caged animals, submerged in this stratum, that only awaited the opening of the doors to precipitate a conflict whose consequences might be most appalling. His study of the Man of Nazareth had left the vital conviction deeply imbedded in his mind that He alone could lift these oppressed people, whether their condition was their own fault or the fault of others; and that, therefore, He should be introduced to them, and His love and power to save and elevate made known and applied. It was manifest that they did

LOST IN THE GREAT FIRE.

not, and perhaps would not, come to the churches. The churches, possibly not as at present organized and operated, with their sectarian rivalries and selfish limitations, must go to them; go in the form of incarnated love, sympathy, and helpfulness, go into their homes, mingle with their children, counsel and encourage to better living, cleaner homes, and cleaner lives. Whether he should devote himself directly to this work, or remain with his present congregation and seek to interest them in it, was the question that was causing him no little unrest. Manifestly he was at a crisis in his career as a young minister who had before him a brilliant future. To remain where he was meant \$3,000 a year, with an increase whenever he desired it; a large, fashionable, and wealthy congregation; the best social advantages in the city; and three months for travel abroad every year. To go into the other field meant—well, it was yet unexplored, and must be entered and cultivated by faith in Him. What will the decision be?

XV.

THE UNKNOWN MAN APPEARS IN THE PREACHERS' MEETING.

ONCE a week the pastors of a prominent denomination of Chattahooche met for edification and recreation. The custom was to have an essay on some subject of supposed interest read and discussed. There were a number of highly-learned men among these clergymen. Themes of profound import were often presented, such as "Subliminal Consciousness," "Platonic Love for God," "The Moral Condition of the Inhabitants of Mars," "How Many Isaiahs—One or Three?" "Is Moses a Fiction or a Fact?" "The Language to be Used in Heaven," "Is the Ultimate Atom at Rest or in Action?" "Pagan Survivals in Modern Theology," and others of like character. The discussion of these themes, being reported in the daily papers, had attracted attention and evoked some unfriendly criticism as to its fitness and utility. Indeed, some very good and intelligent people had gone so far as to suggest that the time

UNKNOWN IN PREACHERS' MEETING.

spent in that kind of recreation might be employed to better advantage; but they were usually listed among those unfortunate persons who were classified as "back numbers." At the current weekly meeting of this Ministerial Association, the Rev. Dr. W. read a paper, characterized by deep research and fine rhetorical finish, on "Evolution as Applied to the Origin and Nature of Those Superior Intelligences Known as Angels." At its conclusion, the usual applause was manifested by general clapping of hands. Silence, profound and almost painful, ensued for several minutes, all appearing dazed by the masterly presentation of such a lofty theme. Finally, one after another of those whose standing and ability gave them the right to lead off in discussion, arose and ventured some remarks, chiefly commendatory of the paper and the ability of the writer. All agreed that when Dr. W. was on the program they "expected to hear something of unusual interest, presented in a masterly way." At a point where the discussion seemed to lag a little, a stranger, who had listened with marked interest, arose and asked permission to speak, which was granted by the chairman. No one knew him but Dr. Goodfellow.

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

He at once recognized him as the Unknown Man who had spoken in his church a few weeks before. Without any introduction the stranger proceeded as follows:

“The word of the Lord came unto me saying, Go thou, O son of man. I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. Therefore, O thou son of man, speak unto the house of Israel; thus speak ye, saying, If our transgressions and our sins be upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then live? Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?”

“And I, brethren, when I came to you, came

UNKNOWN IN PREACHERS' MEETING.

not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. . . . God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and——”

At this point a brother rose to a question of order. The chairman asked what it was. “The speaker has consumed all his time,” he said, “but I move to extend the time, that he may finish his remarks.”

“I second the motion,” came from a half dozen voices. The president was about to put the motion to a vote when a brother cried, “Hold on, Mr. Chairman. I do n't think we are ready for that motion yet. I am opposed to it. This stranger has abused the hospitality of this meeting. He has reflected upon this learned body of Christian ministers. If his remarks mean anything, they are a reproof to us. It does not become a stranger

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

to lecture men in this way who have been preaching all their lives. And, therefore, I am opposed to giving him any more time."

"Mr. President," said another, "I hope we will give the stranger all the time he wants. He has simply repeated to us the Word of God, and if any brother thinks it is too personal for him, we had better change this body into a prayer-meeting, and labor with him. The Word of the Lord is intended to try the hearts of men; and perhaps we preachers need to be tried sometimes as well as others. I hope the time will be extended, that the stranger may give us some more from the same book."

"Mr. President," cried a half dozen voices.

"Dr. S. has the floor," said the chairman.

Dr. S. proceeded to say: "Mr. President, the Good Book says there is a time for all things, and there is a time when it would be very proper to read or recite chapter after chapter from the Bible. But this morning we have been favored with a most remarkable paper on the highly-interesting subject, 'Evolution as Applied to the Origin and Nature of Those Superior Intelligences Known as Angels.' It is not often, sir, that we

UNKNOWN IN PREACHERS' MEETING.

are favored with such a remarkable paper. And I do not think it is fair, or in order, that any matter so foreign to the subject under consideration as what this strange brother has said, should be introduced. Further, it is unjust to Dr. W. to divert attention from his valuable paper."

"Mr. Chairman," quietly suggested a brother of many years' experience, and much esteemed by all, "with reference to the subject of the paper, I think all we know about the angels we obtain from the Bible. Now this strange brother may be an angel from heaven for aught I know, and Dr. W. may be an angel, but Paul says, 'Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.' Now, if we can't stand a few words from Ezekiel and Paul, such as the stranger has given us, without becoming sensitive, and fearing that we may lose something concerning the origin and nature of angels, as taught by evolution, I think we had better adjourn, and go home and start a revival-meeting; for it is my opinion, anyhow, that angels hover more about revival-meetings than they do about these preachers' meetings."

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

"Amen! Amen!" responded a dozen voices.

"I move we adjourn," cried one.

"Second the motion," said another.

"I move to lay that on the table," retorted a third.

"Question! Question! Question!" all over the house.

"The motion before you, brethren," said the president, "is to lay the motion to adjourn on the table." The vote was taken and prevailed. Then a vote was taken on the motion to extend the time for the stranger to finish his remarks, which also prevailed. But when they came to look for him, he was not in the room. He had finished his address, excepting four words, and had quietly retired just as the wrangle began. The dignified Doctors of Divinity looked as if they had been laboring for naught, or had been sold out at a very low price. They had been barking up a tree after the game was gone. So, the time of adjournment being at hand, the meeting was closed, and all went home to examine the Unknown Man's speech, as contained in Ezekiel and Paul, and to read the balance of the chapters, especially those who were opposed to extending

UNKNOWN IN PREACHERS' MEETING.

the time. But who could this strange man be? From whence did he come? What did he mean by this interruption? Were his remarks intended to be personal? Was this a message from God? They had heard of his visit to Dr. Goodfellow's church and the Diamond Saloon, but had attributed it to the eccentricities of an unbalanced mind. Perhaps he might drop into one of their churches soon. Who was he, anyhow?

XVI.

FIRST MEETING IN THE "WICKED WARD."

THE subject to be discussed at the meeting in Oak Hall was, "What can be Done to Improve the Home?" Its selection was premeditated, not accidental. However much the people might divide in opinion on other things, they would be united on the Home. This was the basis of society, the State, and the Church. Its improvement could not fail to interest every one, and to bring all classes together; whereas the announcement of a distinctively political or religious subject would be limited in its scope, and divisive in its result.

Mrs. McCord, while she had not been trained in any particular school of philosophy, religion, or reform, had an instinctive and common-sense theory of her own. She was of the opinion that differential points, in all reformatory efforts, should never be emphasized. Such a course always creates antagonism, and widens the distance between classes and Churches. Points of agree-

MEETING IN THE WICKED WARD.

ment should be sought and emphasized. With such a basis to stand upon and to start from, sympathy, mutual toleration, and co-operation would follow. The conservation of energy should obtain in all effort for the uplifting of men, as well as in the realm of physical dynamics. This is wise economy. The wasting of beneficent force is a violation of the highest law of the universe. Good men will have much to answer for in this regard. Few, if any, are so depraved as to be utterly bereft of all that is good. Find the good, recognize its presence, and from this basic point work upward. There is some truth in every system of religion. The wise missionary will search for it, recognize it, adopt it, and say to his brother man: "On this we agree; let us walk together as far as we can. We will more likely see eye to eye, looking from a common view-point, than looking from our disagreements." Obedience to what we know will unlock the unknown, and bring other truths within our vision. If the world is ever united in religious effort, it must be on this basis. "If any man wills to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." The one talent of knowledge, how-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

ever small or imperfect, if honestly used, will as certainly yield increase as the five. The Church will be a weak institution just as long as it accentuates non-essentials and differences. The force spent in defending doctrines and customs, the belief or non-belief in which will neither open nor close the gates of heaven to any man, would, if rightly used, have pushed the world onward a thousand years nearer the millennium. Whatever, if any, may have been the justification for this enormous waste of energy in the past, the loud cry of the unreached millions for light, for help, for uplifting, and for God, though all do not know his name, demands a truce in the battle of antagonistic theories, and a united forward movement on the basis of the things on which we agree, flinging to the world our banner inscribed, "The greatest of these is Love." To persist in the course that now obtains is like a boy who begins the study of the multiplication-table, and, after mastering half a dozen columns, devotes more time to the lines that divide the columns and the shape of the figures than to the remaining unmastered part of the table.

This is a summary of Mrs. McCord's unwrit-

MEETING IN THE WICKED WARD.

ten philosophy. With this faith she called the Sunday afternoon meeting at Oak Hall, to consider "What can be Done to Improve the Home?" The attendance was large; the hall was crowded. Nearly a dozen nationalities were represented. Mothers and wives predominated. It was observed that the eleven newsboys, with their mothers, were on the very front seats. Little Jammie McFadden's father and mother, and the policeman who was present when Jammie died, were also among them. The Unknown Man occupied a seat in a little recess where he would not be seen. Mrs. McCord, Dr. Goodfellow, and a choir of singers, were on the platform. Father Martini, a bright and well-preserved Catholic priest, was seen in the rear. Mrs. McCord approached him, and very kindly invited him to a seat on the platform, which he accepted. She handed him a small Bible, and, in a spirit of gentle, loving authority, said, "Will you kindly read a psalm to the people?" He was somewhat taken aback, but to the surprise of all, including himself, and very much to the gratification of Mrs. McCord, he arose and read in a most impressive manner the ninety-first Psalm: "He that

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Dr. Goodfellow followed with this brief prayer:

"Dear Father, these are thy people, thy children, created in thine image, the objects of thy love. Their condition in life is hard as compared with that of some of us. They are poorly paid for their work, and some of them have not as much work even as they can do. Their homes are very small, with scarcely any of the conveniences of life. Some of them may not have enough to eat. Mrs. McCord has come among them to see if something can not be done to improve their condition. Dear Father, help her while she talks, and help all these dear people to hear. May there come to all who are struggling so hard to keep body and soul together, fresh courage, higher inspiration, new ambition,

MEETING IN THE WICKED WARD.

and a good hope that, by and by, all will have a home in the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Amen."

All heads were bowed during the prayer. Many sought to hide the unbidden tear as the "Amen" was said. How much we are alike! Thank the good Father for tears. How many they have saved, when all other means have failed! The choir then sang "O, think of the home over there."

Mrs. McCord delivered a loving, practical address on the "Home." When properly built and managed, it was the fountain of all good. Its streams would bless society, the State, and the Church. It was a refuge for the laboring man and woman on their return from the weary toil of the day. It was the school for the children. She continued: "The good Master has sent me among you to help you improve your homes. Why he should do this I can not now understand; perhaps I will later on. I have a beautiful home of my own, and more than I need."

"She libs in heben wid de angels," said one of the newsboys, out loud, who had been at her house.

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

"Youse had better shut up youse face," said Bud, "or I'll mop up dis floor wid youse."

Not recognizing the interruption, she proceeded: "I want you to have better homes, more room, more furniture, paper and pictures on the walls, purer air and water, better food, and more of it. I will help you all I can to get these things. I want your landlords to improve your tenements and clean up the premises, and then you must try and keep them clean. I want the Board of Health to give you better sanitary conditions. I want the mayor and the city alderman to see that the streets, alleys, and back yards are kept clean; and finally, you should not forget that a good earthly home is the highest type of the heavenly home. I want you all to make for yourselves such homes here, and so to live on earth that, when your work here is done, you will be ready for the better home in heaven. What a contrast there will be between these earthly homes and the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!' Dear little Jammie McFadden went up to his heavenly home, just a few weeks ago, from one of the plainest of your homes here. If he could return this afternoon and talk to us,

MEETING IN THE WICKED WARD.

what a story he could tell of the grandeur and beauty of that heavenly home! Now let us all work together to make good homes here, and to obtain a better home over there."

Following these loving counsels, Miss Adelia McCord stepped to the organ near the front of the platform, which caused a very perceptible commotion among the newsboys, several remarking, "Dare's de kid angel; she's go'n' ter sing ar song."

"Youse kids had better stop spoutin' youse boxes now, or sumthin 'll happen here," said Bud, as he shook his fist in the direction of the interruption.

Adelia proceeded to sing:

"Home, home; sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The choir united in the chorus. When they came to the last verse, Mrs. McCord requested the congregation to join in the chorus. The earnest, coarse voices of the men, the squeaky tones of the women, and the discords of the children, produced a heterogeneous medley of sound that, under other circumstances, would have been ex-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

tremely comical; but the upturned faces, the tearful eyes, and the honest effort to do the best they could, produced a most pathetic scene that will never be forgotten. Dr. Goodfellow followed with a few kind words, and announced that he would speak in the hall at 7.30 in the evening.

The comments, as the people went home, were varied and interesting. Among the first was our friend, the policeman: "I belave in my soule that she's the holy Virgin Mary coom back to earth again. If any mon spakes a wooard ferninst her, I'll make anither soft place on the top of his pate," swinging his club over his head somewhat ferociously.

"She's a daisy," exclaimed Goldbug, "and dat leetle rosebud sings like a kanary."

"She's a gude wooman, ond she makes me think o' me ain mither in me ain bonnie coontrie," said Jammie McFadden's father, as a big tear stole slowly down his rough face, which he wiped away with the back of his brawny hand. "She was gude and kaind to my wee bairn when the gude Master took him awa' over the hill; and I hae na' forgot my promise ither, to mate the laddie over there."

MEETING IN THE WICKED WARD.

An old farmer, who was visiting some friends in the city, being at the meeting, was much stirred by what he had heard. "I kalkelate that she knows what she 's talkin' about," he avowed to his friends as they walked homeward. "I reckon she 's deliburated sumwhat considerable about hums and sich like. She made mee feel kinder humsick meself. I kinder wished me old woman had been a-sittin' by my side. I sort a-felt as if I 'd like to kiss the old gal ag'in', seein' it 's nigh onto a 'coon's age since I perpe'rated anything uv that sort. I wonder ef she would n't cum out to Mason's skule-house, and exterpashuate to us in Koonsocket Holler. I fetch in a lode of hay every Saturday arternoon, and I would be ra'le glad to kunvey the lady out in my hag-riggin'."

Father Martini indicated his interest in the speaker and her work by begging the privilege of a personal interview with Mrs. McCord at her own house, which was cheerfully promised at any time convenient to him.

At night the hall was crowded again—many being turned away—to hear Dr. Goodfellow, who discussed the elements and characteristics of "True Manhood," closing with a few fitting words

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

On the Man of Nazareth, who was the model man, and also a laboring man, belonging to the poorer classes, and the best friend the poor man has ever had or ever will have. Before he dismissed the people, the Unknown Man rose and looked toward the speaker, as if awaiting his direction. He nodded his head, as much as to say "go on," whereupon the stranger said:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. . . . In his presence is fullness of joy; at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

The people were dismissed, and proceeded quietly to their homes, all feeling this was the dawn of a better day to them.

XVII.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN FATHER MARTINI AND MRS. McCORD.

EARLY the following week Father Martini called on Mrs. McCord for the promised interview. He was of French birth, though reared and educated in this country. He had also spent two years at Rome. He was thoroughly trained for the work of a Catholic priest. Naturally he was a man of striking *personnel*. His manners were polished and winning. He could move with grace and easy dignity in the most enlightened circles; he could also adapt himself to those in humble conditions. He was imbued with the natural love of freedom characteristic of his native land. He had also imbibed the true spirit and lofty genius of American institutions. He was, therefore, a little restless under the limitations and ultramontaniam of his Church. He was a conscientious Catholic, but he felt somewhat like a caged eagle. He panted for purer air and more of it; he longed for a broader vision and a

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

larger sphere. He would gladly soar to the highest mount of observation. He rightly sought to know all that could be known of truth and duty, and to do all that could be done to uplift and ennoble mankind. But he was under irritating restrictions—ecclesiastical, theological, social. In this state of mind he met Mrs. McCord. He was pleased with her spirit and the outline of her work. She received him cordially, and welcomed him heartily to her home.

“I am truly delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, Father Martini,” she declared. “I was glad to see you at our meeting, and to have you take part in the service. It has always seemed strange to me that our Catholic friends, who worship the same God, believe in the same Christ, and are seeking the same heaven, should be separated from us in Christian labor and fellowship. Why can’t we work together?”

With a peculiar twinkle of his eye, Father Martini saw his opportunity, and in the most gracious manner replied: “I fully share in the pleasure of our meeting, Mrs. McCord, and also in your surprise that we should be separated in work and fellowship. Does it not occur to you,

FATHER MARTINI.

however, that it was the Protestants that separated from the Catholics? But for that we would be united to-day. Why do you not return to the Church, and thus end the separation? You see, Mrs. McCord, the historical argument is against you. But seriously, I would not have you leave your Church and come to ours. Protestantism is doing a marvelous work in bringing the world to our Lord. It is to talk with you about your plans, and to find out if it will be possible for me to co-operate with you, that I am here."

Mrs. McCord's countenance was illumed as with the light of a newborn joy as she listened to these words of the good priest, and she answered with much animation: "You can not imagine what happiness it affords me to hear you speak of co-operating with me. And I shall only be too glad to have your assistance on any plan that will not compromise you. My work is not under the auspices of Protestantism, nor even of my own particular Church, though I have the sympathy and support of my pastor, whom I would like you to know. The world's great want is larger than any Church. I would not have you withdraw from your Church. It needs more

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

priests of your broad and generous stamp. But can you not step out of your priestly garments, lay aside your ecclesiastical rubrics, and, as a brother man, follow the Master among the multitude of neglected people whom neither your Church nor mine is reaching?"

"My sympathies are all in that direction," acknowledged the father. "But you certainly understand, Mrs. McCord, that there is a divine *order* about all Christian service and worship; and to ignore this is to go in the face of the Master, producing disorder and confusion. Moreover, the multitude of the unsaved is so large that the effort of one, or even a considerable number of individuals, seems like a drop of water in the great ocean. These perishing millions need a massive organization, whose age and grandeur will impress and awe, with *authority* to administer the holy sacraments."

Mrs. McCord was being led unexpectedly into deep water; but she breathed a mental prayer, and proceeded: "I am not learned as you are, Father Martini, in Church dialectics; but my Bible goes back to a time before either your Church or mine was in existence. And I read

FATHER MARTINI.

of the Master going to the wilderness after *one* lost sheep; of his talking to *one* poor sinful woman at the well of Jacob; of his order to 'go preach to *every creature*;' and of the final determination of human destiny upon the principle, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to *one of the least* of these my brethren, ye did it *unto me*.' In unevangelized communities, the people should be sought out and disciplined *first*, then the organized Church should *follow*, 'teaching them to observe all things whatsoever He has commanded.' "

Father Martini had found his match in a field of argument which he did not understand as well as that in which he had been drilled in the schools. It was difficult for him to keep out of the realm of "authority," "tradition," "Church encyclicals," and "ecclesiastical pronouncements." An appeal, therefore, to primitive Christianity anterior to the historical origin of his Church led him into a field which he had not explored so thoroughly. But he was a Christian gentleman, and he was talking to an educated lady. With genuine appreciation of the ability of his fair antagonist, he continued the interview:

"You speak with a force, Mrs. McCord, which

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

I am pleased to recognize, and your argument touches my heart. But I beg to inquire how you can expect to disciple or redeem any one without the *saving ordinances* of the Holy Church, and the presence of the *divinely-appointed* representative of Almighty God to hear confession and pronounce absolution?"

"I can see," returned Mrs. McCord, "the force of your question from your point of view; but I do not look at these matters from that point. Now, Father Martini, there are many things we hold in common. Why can't we stand together on the things about which we agree, and do the best we can for the poor, perishing people, until time and the Master shall adjust our disagreements? Let us see: you believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Holy Ghost, in the inspiration of the Bible, in the sinfulness of man, in the resurrection of the dead, in the life eternal, do you not?"

"With all my heart I do," was his answer.

"You believe also," continued she, "in the necessity of improving the homes of the people; in purer air and water; in better tenements; in improved sanitary conditions; and in such pro-

FATHER MARTINI.

vision for the moral, social, and intellectual uplifting of the people as their condition seems to demand, do you not?"

"With all my heart, I certainly do," was the answer again.

"Well, all these I believe, too," said Mrs. McCord. "Now, why can't we start on this creed, and help the poor people in their urgent need, and leave the points of disagreement to be settled by the theologians, the critics, the dogmatists, the formalists, the bishops, and the popes; and, above all else, by time? For you know Lord Bacon has said, 'Truth is the child of time, not of authority.'"

"Indeed, I can not produce any good reason for not doing so," confessed the clever priest, "excepting that the Church has not ordered the work to be done in that way."

"Well, now, honestly, Father Martini, if my ox should fall into the ditch, would not you help me take him out, even on the Sabbath-day?" inquired Mrs. McCord. "The mass of the people are down in the 'ditch,' and liable to perish before either your Church or mine can reach them with their cumbrous machinery. Would it not be more Christlike to hurry to their help, get them

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

out of the 'ditch,' wash and clean them up, ready for presentation to the Church when it comes along, whether it shall be yours or mine?"

Father Martini replied: "I am compelled to believe you are quite right. I find no answer in my heart to your argument, though my head is slow to accept your conclusions. I must confess I find myself entangled by precedent and Church authority. I will co-operate with you in your Christly work, as far as I can."

Thanking Mrs. McCord for the pleasure of the interview, and the honor of her acquaintance, and receiving a most cordial invitation to call any time at his convenience, Father Martini departed with a new light in his heart, and a resolution to follow the Master wherever he might lead.

XVIII.

JENNIE PATTERSON RESCUED.

Nothing makes the heart so sick as to know that a loved one is lost, and not to know whether the missing one is dead or alive. It would be a relief to be assured of death, rather than to endure the fears that a highly-wrought imagination may suggest. What pen can portray the misery of those who have waited for weeks for tidings from the last battle, or from the vessel burned at sea, or from the mine that engulfed its hundreds of workers?

Many children were lost in the great fire. Some were never heard from; others were found roaming aimlessly over the prairies, or through the desolate streets. The newspapers contained columns of advertisements, some inquiring for lost children, and offering rewards for information; others announcing the whereabouts of missing persons and inquiring for their parents or friends. Several weeks had elapsed, and no tid-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

ings concerning Jennie Patterson. Her parents had used every available means to find her, but without success. The only conclusion was that she had either perished in the fire, or was being held for larger reward, or for some nameless purpose. The agony of the parents was unbearable. The mother was completely prostrated.

When the postman called at Mrs. McCord's, where Mr. and Mrs. Patterson had stopped since the great calamity, he delivered a letter addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, parents of the lost child," which read:

"DEAR FRIENDS,—'Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy. The dead is alive; the lost is found. Rejoice and be exceeding glad.' Tomorrow the lost one will be home.

"UNKNOWN MAN."

The effect of this brief message was indescribable. Mrs. Patterson sprang to her feet from the lounge, and clapped her hands for gladness. Mr. Patterson sent a message to the factory not to look for him for at least two days. All the McCords joined in the general joy. The whole neighborhood soon heard the good news, and shared in the rejoicing. Though what little they

JENNIE PATTERSON RESCUED.

knew of the "Unknown Man" was enshrined in mystery, no one hinted a doubt of the genuineness of the letter. The parents could not close their eyes in sleep that night for very joy. It was the longest night of their lives. They thought the morning light would never dawn. They waited as those who watch for the morning.

The discovery of Jennie came about in this way: Bud had learned of her loss through Mrs. McCord, and so was on the lookout for her wherever he went selling papers. He had also informed the Unknown Man, and he too joined in the search. One day Bud entered the Diamond Saloon, which was the worst dive in the ward, to sell papers. While he was there he passed into a small side-room, used as a restaurant and wine-room, when, to his great surprise and joy, he observed Jennie serving the tables. He had seen her several times at Mrs. McCord's, and so recognized her at once. She would doubtless have recognized him also, but Bud knew that that might be fatal to her rescue; so he kept his back toward her until he was out of the room. As he was going down street, he unexpectedly met the Unknown Man, to whom he reported his dis-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

covery. This strange person seemed instinctively to understand the little girl's danger. He was sure that nothing but the coolest tact, involving perhaps a hard physical struggle, would rescue her. He knew, from the character of the place, that no motive of love or sympathy for the girl actuated the scoundrels who had decoyed her to that den of debauchery, where she was held as a captive. So he said to Bud that he would manage the rescue, and Bud should deliver her to her parents.

That same night, about ten o'clock, he entered, for the second time, the Diamond Saloon, which, as usual, was well filled with men of the baser sort, who frequent such places. As he moved about in the crowd he did not attract attention, or arouse suspicion. Presently he stepped into the restaurant and seated himself at a table. Fortunately, Jennie came to serve him. Instead of giving an order for refreshments, he said: "I am your friend, Jennie. I know you. You must not stay here. Come with me, and I will send you home to your father and mother. We can only escape through the front door of the saloon. I will stand near the door, and you come slowly

JENNIE PATTERSON RESCUED.

through the saloon as if you were looking for something. When you see me, walk slowly to me; then we will rush out at the door and run for our lives. Make no mistake. Show no excitement. Trust me, and you will be with your mother in a few hours. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

He walked leisurely into the front room, where the bar was located, and took his stand not far from the door. There were a dozen men at the bar, all half drunk, so that his movement was not observed. But when Jennie appeared, some of the men addressed her and began to play with her, fondling her with their hands. This attracted the attention of the proprietor, who ordered her back to the restaurant. But instead of obeying, she ran to the Unknown Man, who seized her by the hand and started for the door. Before he reached it, however, the saloon-owner, seeing that his beautiful little prize was likely to escape, with a series of nameless oaths, grabbed the stranger by the coat-collar, and was about to throw him to the floor, when he received a blow from an unseen hand, that sent him sprawling on his back in the middle of the room, and, before

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

he could get to his feet, Jennie and her rescuer had disappeared. As soon as they were outside of the dive, the stranger holding Jennie by the hand, ran rapidly, turning the first corner, passing through an alley over to the next street, and out of sight of their pursuers. Indeed, the whole thing was done so quickly, and the blow received by the saloon proprietor was so stunning, that it was at least five minutes before he could realize what had occurred. The Unknown Man took Jennie to the house of Bud's mother for the night, and instructed Bud to deliver her to her parents the next morning.

After breakfast, Mrs. Patterson took her seat at the front parlor window, and watched intently the gate opening into the splendid grounds of the McCord residence. Mr. Patterson walked back and forth on the path into which the gate opened, ever and anon wiping the perspiration from his face, and trying to disguise his manifest nervousness. About ten o'clock he glanced up the street toward the corner, when he saw a news-boy alight from the street-car, holding the hand of a little girl. He turned toward the house, and cried at the top of his voice: "*Here she is! Here*

JENNIE PATTERSON RESCUED.

she is!" Then he flung open the gate and ran with all his might toward the corner. Jennie at once recognized him, and ran to meet him, crying, "O papa! O papa!" and jumped into his arms. By this time, Mrs. Patterson, having rushed from the house, met them, and the scene of unspeakable joy was repeated, Jennie saying over and over, "O mamma! mamma! mamma!" They hugged and kissed their dear child again and again. Bud stood by and looked on with amazement. He had never witnessed such a scene. In the joy of the parents they had overlooked the boy. Mrs. Patterson said, "Why, Jennie, how did you ever get home?" "Bud brought me," she answered. And then the mother became aware of Bud's presence. She immediately threw her arms around him and kissed and kissed him until the poor boy blushed from ear to ear. "God bless you! God bless you! you dear boy, for finding and bringing our darling home. We can never pay you." "God bless you! my little—man, for the great happiness you have brought to us. You shall have your reward," said Mr. Patterson. By this time a large crowd had collected on the street, and everybody in the neigh-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

borhood knew that Jennie Patterson had been found and brought home by Bud, the newsboy.

After they had entered the house and the excitement had somewhat subsided, Mr. Patterson placed in the hands of Bud ten twenty-dollar gold-pieces, and added, "This is not all; you will hear from me again." Poor Bud did n't know there was that much money in the world. He was overcome. He had never thought of any reward. He was simply speechless. He looked at the shining coin, and then, with a peculiar grin, he looked at Jennie. Then he picked up his cap and started for the door; but looking back to Mr. Patterson, he asked, "Wot will I do wid dis gol'-mine?"

"Do just what you please, my little man," said Mr. Patterson.

"I'll tell you what to do with it, Bud. Buy a house; may be we'll *live in it some day*," suggested Jennie.

XIX.

MRS. McCORD LEASES AND RENOVATES A TENEMENT BLOCK.

THE tenement-houses in Chattahooche, which furnished the lodging-places of many people in the "Wicked Ward," like those in other large cities, were the occasion, if not the direct cause, of much of the discomfort and immorality of their occupants. In the large buildings there were from twenty to fifty apartments, having from one to three rooms; plain, small, destitute of paint and all adornments; so constructed that sunlight and pure air were entirely absent. Many of these rooms were in the basement, virtually underground, dark, damp, dirty, teeming with bugs and rats, festering with decay and filth. In many instances several persons of different ages and sex would occupy a single room. The sanitary regulations, or rather irregulations, were abominable. The halls, stairways, back yards, and alleys were

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

usually reeking with filth and garbage. A visitor describes one of these buildings as follows:

“On a dark day there is scarcely any light at all in these rooms; and on the brightest sunshiny day there is only a little light during the middle of the day, and never any direct rays of the sun. I found, up in one of these rooms, a young woman with her first-born in her arms, not yet a year old, that will certainly die before the summer is out if it stays there. All day long the mother and wife is kept here with her invalid child. Their faces look like potato-vines that have sprouted and grown in the cellar. They are dying for the lack of sunshine and pure air. . . . There are scores of tenement-houses where the sun never rises at all, except on the roof-tops, or now and then sends a slant ray, thrown down into the dark court in seeming mockery. It is impossible for any one to get from language alone, either spoken or written, an adequate idea of the loneliness, the sense of gloom, the filth and squalor, of the apartments in some of these tenement-houses.”

Crowded, as many are, by sheer necessity, into these repulsive places, something after the

LEASE OF A TENEMENT BLOCK.

manner of transporting slaves in the dark hold of sailing-vessels from Africa two hundred years ago, one can imagine them praying all the time, if they ever knew what these things mean:

“O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;

For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!”

In prosecuting her design to improve the condition of the people, Mrs. McCord ascertained the address of the owner of the Hathaway Tenement Block. Calling upon him, she first protested against the dilapidated condition of the building and its utter lack of proper sanitary regulations. The owner rather winced under her scathing rebuke. Then, as usual from such landlords, he insisted that the rental income did not justify any improvements. She inquired the rental value of the buildings. He replied that the forty apartments ought to average four dollars a month, which would be \$1,920 a year; but that he did n't get that much out of them, for some never paid

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

any rent. Whereupon Mrs. McCord proposed to take a lease on the entire building for five years, at \$1,800 a year, provided he would spend \$500 in repairs immediately. He promptly accepted her proposition, and the lease was signed and delivered, Mrs. McCord giving her check for the first month's rent.

The renovation of the old, dilapidated place began at once. A plain coating of paint was put on the interior; inexpensive but neat paper was placed on the walls; the ventilation was improved, and the closets put in good sanitary condition. The back yards were cleaned up, and the fences and sheds were whitewashed. The tenants were so delighted that many of them assisted in the work. There were about one hundred and fifty people in the building. Mrs. McCord scaled the rent according to the number and location of the rooms, fixing the prices at enough to cover what she had agreed to pay, including the cost of a person to take charge of the premises. She executed new leases at the beginning of the month, enjoining cleanliness in all the apartments. The superintendent scrubbed the halls and stairways every Saturday, and swept them every day.

LEASE OF A TENEMENT BLOCK.

Each apartment was inspected once a week. A placard was hung on every door, "Please help to keep things clean and nice, and you will have your reward." A small deduction was made on all advance payments. Mrs. Buddington, Bud's mother, was selected to have charge of the building. One of Mr. McCord's clerks collected the rents the first of each month.

In a short time the tenants, as well as the building, were transformed. Cleanliness, in and about the premises, stimulated the occupants to greater neatness and order. Nearly all seemed to take pride in the upward movement of things. The newspapers spoke in approving terms of the new departure. Tenants in other buildings complained and demanded better quarters. Landlords became alarmed, and began to improve their properties. The leaven worked in many directions. Mrs. McCord, supported by a number of the leading citizens, visited the mayor and Board of Health, and demanded more attention to the sanitary necessities of that part of the city. The police service was also improved. In one year a most decided change for the better was in evidence in that ward. At the close of the first year,

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

the receipts from rentals footed \$2,000. After paying \$100 for the care of the building, \$100 remained, which was nearly seven per cent on the investment. This was deposited in the bank, to be used for the benefit of any who might be out of employment or unable from sickness to pay their rent. All the tenants who did not move out of that part of the city were anxious to rent for another year, and more applications for rooms were made than could be accommodated. In every way the experiment was a success.

XX.

INTERVIEW WITH A SOCIALIST.

THE Unknown Man spent much of his time visiting from house to house among the poorest of the people, imparting temporal and spiritual help to those in greatest need. In these excursions he met with varied receptions. Some were glad to see and hear him; others would scarcely admit him, or, if admitted, would soon indicate that his spiritual ministrations were not needed, though the tender of material aid was never declined, albeit sometimes received with evidence of suspicion. Distrust, prejudice, and often hatred toward the rich, frequently appeared, while, as to God, there was neither faith nor reverence, but often a feeling of bold defiance or hopeless despair. One family will be a fair illustration of many others. It consisted of husband, wife, and five children, and wife's mother. The husband was a man of considerable intelligence, evidently having seen better days. His income of an average of four dollars a week came from odd

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

jobs of common work secured at random. The wife was a pale-faced, careworn, discouraged mother, whose income from washing and ironing never exceeded three dollars a week. The children were non-producers, excepting as they occasionally carried home a few pieces of mill-wood or a lump of coal, picked up on the street. After paying four dollars a month for rent, the amount remaining with which to clothe and feed three adults and five children for a month never exceeded twenty-five dollars—often it was less. Once in his life the husband's income had been a thousand dollars a year. But misfortune and adverse circumstances had cast him into the stream that is daily floating its hundreds into the hopeless maelstrom of the "submerged classes" of the great cities. If he ever had any faith in God, it had disappeared. If he ever had believed in the sympathy and helpfulness of the upper classes, he had ceased so to believe. Whatever respect for the Church he had imbibed in earlier life, had been supplanted by bitterness of feeling and a sense of neglect and injustice. He was not in a state of mind to receive spiritual comfort with profit, and temporal aid was not ac-

INTERVIEW WITH A SOCIALIST.

cepted with any spirit of gratitude; for he had the feeling that he could comfortably support his family if he had a chance to work at fair wages. What he wanted was that "chance." However much such a man may be responsible for his unfortunate condition, he can never be uplifted by reminding him of his own shortcomings. He must be approached in some other way.

In his interview with this person, whose name was Todd, the Unknown Man found it necessary to depart from his custom of using Scripture language exclusively. Addressing Mr. Todd, he said:

"I should be glad to assist you in some way, if I can. The appearance of your house and your family indicate that your income is insufficient to make your family comfortable."

"Who pays you for detective service," inquired Mr. Todd. "This is my family, and I can take care of them, if I can find work at decent wages."

"I hope you will not take offense at what I say," replied the visitor. "I am only seeking your welfare. I am your friend and your brother."

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

"It's mighty strange, if you are my brother, that you did n't find me before this. I suppose you are one of them 'missioners' that meet in that little shanty down the street, where they want my children to attend Sunday-school. Do you think I would permit them to go to such a 'shack' as that, a building which the saloons and gamblers would not have for their business?" And Mr. Todd turned his back to the speaker in disgust, and walked across the room.

"But you must remember, Mr. Todd, that the world's Savior was born in a manger, and in later life had not where to lay his head."

"Mighty few of those who call themselves his disciples are born in mangers these days," was the response. "And as to having no place to lay his head, he ought to call on some of his friends for entertainment, who now live in marble palaces that cost a million dollars. Perhaps they could furnish him a pillow and a bed for a few days."

"But," continued the Unknown Man, "you ought not to hold him responsible for the extravagant use of money by some of his friends. They do n't all do so. And I want to assure you

INTERVIEW WITH A SOCIALIST.

that God is your friend, as he is the friend of all the poor and oppressed."

"Well, I am glad to hear that," retorted Mr. Todd, somewhat ironically; "but I would have less trouble in believing it if I had some evidence of his friendship."

"Has he not said," proceeded the Unknown Man, "'If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more willing is your Father in heaven to give good things to them that ask him?'"

"How do I know he said that?" interrupted Mr. Todd. "And if he did say it, why do n't he do it?"

"Perhaps you do n't ask him."

"Look here, stranger. Do you suppose I could look upon the rags of my children and hear them crying for something to eat, and not ask Almighty God, if there is such a person, to help me get these things for them? No, sir; I have asked him a thousand times, and he did n't answer. — If he means what he says, why do n't he help a poor fellow when he is down, without money and friends, and nobody to help him up? If I had the power to give my children bread when they

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

are crying with hunger, and did not do it, what kind of a father would I be? I do n't want to know anything more about a God that is always promising to do great things, and never does anything for the poor. I've lived in this ward five years, and, as far as I know, there has never been a man or woman in my house to inquire after our welfare, except the landlord's agent, who calls for the rent the first of every month. No, sir; you need n't talk to me about your God helping a fellow like me. He may help you fellows, but I'm not on his pay-roll."

"I am very sorry you feel this way. You must have had an unfortunate history. Did you have any religious training when young?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, sir, I had. I'm not a heathen. I inherited the Christian faith. My mother was as good a woman as ever walked the earth. I never doubted the Bible or the sincerity of Christians while her example was before me. When I grew to young manhood, I passed through a short period of skepticism, until, by personal investigation, I satisfied my mind as to the truth of the teachings of Jesus Christ. In these later years,

INTERVIEW WITH A SOCIALIST.

however, I have been drifting. Adversity, poverty, and the lack of sympathy have brought me where I am. I now find myself believing in neither God nor man. Yours is the first word of sympathy I have heard for years; your offer of assistance is so unusual that I can hardly credit you with sincerity."

"Well, my brother, I beg you to believe me sincere; and as proof of the same, kindly accept this to aid in the support of your family;" and the Unknown Man handed him ten dollars, continuing, "You will hear from me again. I will see that you have regular work at good wages."

Mr. Todd flushed a little, and was loath to accept the money, but the necessities of his family and the evident disinterestedness of the giver overcame his scruples. As he thanked his unknown benefactor a slight tremor was in his voice, and an unbidden tear slowly crept down his careworn face. The strange brother then invited Mr. Todd and his family to attend the meetings at Oak Hall, and, after repeating these words of Holy Scripture, bade them a loving good-bye, with a promise to come again:

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? And why take you thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

XXI.

A PLOT TO KILL THE UNKNOWN MAN, DEFEATED.

THE proprietor of the Diamond Saloon was greatly enraged at the escape of so valuable a prize as he thought he had in the person of Jennie Patterson. He began to plot for the punishment of her rescuer, as soon as he ascertained who he was. Indeed, his plan was to have him "removed," so he might not suffer any further annoyance from him. Bud went in and out of the saloon at pleasure, in selling papers, without attracting any attention. One evening he overheard part of a conversation between the owner and a half dozen "base fellows," the substance of which was that they would invite the Unknown Man to the saloon to deliver an address, and, while there, would fall upon him and accomplish their nefarious purpose, arguing that, as he was a stranger with no friends, they could easily put him out of the way, and no person would ever inquire after him, or call them to an account. Bud reported

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

to the Irish policeman, who had been interested in this strange man's movements ever since he first met him at Jammie McFadden's funeral, what he had heard. This officer watched for the stranger on the street, as no one seemed to know where he lived. As soon as he met him, he revealed the plot of the saloon-keeper. After consultation, they agreed upon a plan of operation. The Unknown Man was to accept the invitation to speak in the Diamond. The policeman reported the affair to the chief of police, and said, "Whin the toime is fixed for the visit and the attack, I want yees to furnish me with two officers of the sacret sarvice, and we'll be afther bayin' prisint oorsilves at the same time and place, and, if it plazes your honor, we'll take soom parth in the ixercoises."

The chief promised all Pat asked for. A few days later, as the Unknown Man was passing the Diamond, the following note was handed him:

"DEAR SIR,—We all regretted very much the interruption that occurred some weeks ago when you visited us and delivered a very interesting address. You doubtless observed that many who were present were under the influence of liquor;

PLOT TO KILL THE UNKNOWN.

otherwise there would have been no trouble, and you would not have been arrested. I write this to say that if it will be convenient for you, we would be very glad to have you repeat your visit next Thursday night, when we will assure you of a large hearing and a warm reception.

“Yours truly, JACOB KILLMEN,
“Proprietor of the Diamond.”

This note was promptly shown to the policeman. “Good,” said Pat, “it woorks like a chairm. It’s mesilf, with the two ither b’yes, that’ll be thare, shure as St. Pathrick scared the nasty snakes out of owld Ireland. We’ll have a matin’ they’ll niver furgit, at all, at all. Will yees mind that?”

Nature sometimes assumes her most terrific garb and sounds forth her most threatening voice when men of murderous intent are plotting crime. Thursday night was dark and ominous. About the middle of the afternoon a fearful storm swept over the lake and the city, which continued into the night. The heavens were black and angry. Occasional flashes of lightning, attended by fearful peals of thunder, added to the terror of the night. The flickering lights of the street

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

seemed awed into fear by these vengeful voices of nature. Ever and anon belated footmen were seen seeking refuge from the angered elements. It was a fitting night for a dark deed. Quite a group of kindred spirits had collected in the Diamond to witness the "doing up" of the Unknown Man. All were more or less the worse for drink. About ten o'clock the intended victim entered the saloon. Two secret policemen, in citizens' clothes, soon followed.

The Unknown Man was met by the proprietor, and shown to a seat in the remote end of the room, near the rear door, which was doubtless intended to be used as a place of exit in the plot. About twenty men gathered about him, and announced their readiness to hear what he had to say. The two secret policemen also took seats near by.

The stranger arose and said:

"O ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? Behold your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall

PLOT TO KILL THE UNKNOWN.

not see me henceforth, till ye say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

At this point, by a previously-arranged signal, the men all sprang to their feet, and began cursing the speaker and each other. Tables and chairs were upset, and general confusion prevailed. The crowd circled about the stranger to prevent his escape, but acting and talking all the time as if they were quarreling among themselves. In the midst of the *mêlée*, the owner of the place stole up behind the Unknown Man, and, seizing his arms, thought to throw him to the floor; but the stranger quickly released himself from the grasp of his assailant. At the same time the two policemen appeared on the scene and arrested a half dozen men, including the proprietor of the saloon. Just then three additional officers, who had been waiting outside for developments, entered and arrested the rest of the crowd. They were all taken to the police station and locked up until morning.

— The clouds had folded their wings, and retired for rest. The voice of the thunder had been hushed into silence. The winds had been subdued and the waves calmed. The moon was shin-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

ing in soft and sympathetic splendor, and the stars were winking at each other in modest coquetry. The storm was overpast. It seemed as if nature was celebrating the defeat of the wrong, and the triumph of the right.

At the preliminary examination, the prisoners were bound over to appear before the Grand Jury on the charge of "assault and battery, with intent to kill." The Grand Jury found a true bill against them. When they were brought to trial the testimony of Bud, the letter of the proprietor to the Unknown Man, and the evidence of the policemen, showed clearly that they were guilty, and the jury found a verdict accordingly. They were all sentenced to imprisonment, the owner of the saloon for ten years, and the others for five years each.

The mayor revoked the license of the Diamond the day following the arrest. Mrs. McCord immediately rented the premises, and converted the place into a reading-room and library. Truly, history hath its revenges.

XXII.

CHURCH OF THE UPPER STRATA CHANGES ITS NAME.

DR. GOODFELLOW had patiently considered for several weeks what course Providence and duty indicated to him for the future. He had received several flattering invitations to large churches, with an increase of salary. His own people, however, clung to him more strongly than before the fire which destroyed the Church of the Upper Strata. They had decided to rebuild. And some were pronounced in their opinion that to leave them now would be like a general abandoning his army at the moment of supreme crisis. Besides this, the trustees had decided to build a much less expensive house of worship than their former place—one that would afford them all the room and conveniences necessary, but costing only half as much as the old church, which pleased the pastor. But what influenced him most was the fact that his preaching, together with Mrs. McCord's work, had wrought a great change in the minds

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

of the people as to their duty towards the poor and neglected. They were now ready to encourage, and with their means support, evangelistic effort among them. While Dr. Goodfellow was strongly drawn toward that field, and had serious thoughts of entering it, he nevertheless felt that, having brought his Church to see its duty toward the poor, it would be best for him to remain as their pastor, and direct their money and personal endeavor toward that most urgent and important work. This he finally decided to do. The trustees, having purchased a suitable location, proceeded to the erection of the new house of worship. It would furnish a larger seating capacity and more and better appliances for Christian worship and work than the former house. By the suggestion of the pastor, all needless adornment was omitted. Nothing that would feed the pride of the flesh or suggest class discrimination should be permitted. It was to be a plain, unpretentious, yet beautiful temple, with all needed accommodations and provision for the promotion of Christian work, intellectual edification, and social recreation. The most remarkable thing of all, however, was the fact that, without consulting their

UPPER STRATA CHANGES NAME.

pastor until after the decision had been reached, it had been unanimously determined by the trustees, and confirmed by the congregation, to discontinue the old name, which they felt to be a misnomer, and to call the new temple the "Church of the New Humanity," as being a "People's House of Hope." This was very congenial to the pastor's conviction and feeling. Its scope was as large as the needs of the race. It embraced all the "people;" no class, no color, no race, was necessarily excluded. It was the "House of Hope," as revealed in the gospel, and exemplified in the infallible teaching and faultless life of the Man of Nazareth. He would no longer feel any restrictions or limitations in preaching and applying the gospel. Evidently a new era had dawned in the unfolding history of this strong and wealthy Church. The seed sown by the eloquent young clergyman had produced the desired fruit, though it seemed to him at times that the "care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choked the word."

Miss Josephine, the oldest daughter of Mrs. McCord, had just returned home from college, where she was graduated with honor. She was a

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

young lady of charming presence, highly-cultivated mind, brilliant in conversation, but somewhat lax in her religious sentiments, and quite inclined to reckless independence of thought. Indeed, it might be said that her mind was drifting toward iconoclasm in matters religious. Dr. Goodfellow had never met her, though he had heard much about her through the family. Miss McCord had also heard about the popular young pastor. Soon after her return he was invited to tea, and to spend the evening with the family. When they met they did not seem like strangers to each other. That the meeting was pleasant and congenial in many respects, would not have been denied by either, albeit there were several points of sharp antagonism between them.

Mr. McCord had given Bud a position in his office as general errand and office boy, at a salary that yielded him three times as much as selling papers. He, also, allowed him his nights and two hours in the afternoon to attend school. It was found that Bud was a boy of much more than ordinary natural brightness. When placed in a better environment he developed rapidly. He gradually discontinued his street dialect. He was also a

UPPER STRATA CHANGES NAME.

boy of very fine personal appearance, after he laid aside his newsboy apparel and clad himself in clothing fitted to his size, which he did immediately. After supplying his mother and himself with a much-needed outfit of new wearing apparel, he deposited what remained of his two hundred dollars in the bank. He wondered what Jennie Patterson meant when she said, "Buy a house, Bud; maybe we'll *live in it some day.*" Mrs. Patterson had called to see Bud's mother, and, taking her down-town with her in her own carriage, invested one hundred dollars in new furniture for the benefit of Mrs. Buddington, completely furnishing the house with carpets, beds and bedding, chairs, chiffonier, pictures, stoves, dishes, and all other things necessary for comfort. Mr. Patterson, also, paid her rent for one year in advance.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson felt that they should reward the Unknown Man for his part in rescuing Jennie. As he did not know where he lived, or in what house to find him, he sent him one hundred dollars through Bud; but the money was returned with the explanation, through Bud, that he declined to accept anything for his service;

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

that he had already been well paid; and that he hoped Mr. Patterson would apply the money toward improving the condition of the poor people in the "Wicked Ward."

Mr. Patterson's new house had been completed, and they were again in their own home, more beautiful and comfortable than the one burned in the fire. Jennie seemed like one risen from the dead. She was more precious to them than ever. Nothing was withheld from her that she desired. After they were fairly settled and "fixed up," Jennie said to her mother one day: "O mamma, I'd like to see Bud. Won't you please invite him to take *dinner with us some day?*"

XXIII.

A COSMOPOLITAN EXPERIENCE MEETING AT OAK HALL.

Mrs. McCord's work in the "Wicked Ward" continued to improve and enlarge. She held meetings every Sunday afternoon in Oak Hall, conducted by herself, or Dr. Goodfellow. Indeed, this meeting had become quite a fixed institution among the people. The fruit of her Christly efforts were manifest in the improved appearance of the people, and in the marked renovation of their homes. They accepted her as a true friend, and they believed in her, and, therefore, in the Master in whose name she wrought. True, their views of him were crude and incoherent. They were not theologians. They knew scarcely anything of the Bible. But they were becoming interested in it, and quite a number had already solicited copies. Mrs. McCord did not urge upon them personal religion as first and supreme in impor-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

tance. To have done this, in view of their prejudice against the Churches, would have defeated her object. She approached their religious nature indirectly. She had found that, of all the recorded miracles of healing, wrought by the Nazarene, only one, as far as is known, received the forgiveness of sins before he was healed; and even in the case of that one, it is probable that the healing and the pardon were nearly simultaneous. She believed, therefore, that she was following in His steps in seeking to reach their spiritual natures by the improvement of their physical, domestic, and industrial condition. Thus far this method had yielded the most satisfactory fruit. Many had accepted Christ, and were walking in his commandments, as they came to understand the same.

Her congregations were cosmopolitan and apostolic. The last one was a fair sample of all. At the first Pentecostal meeting there were present "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and prose-

COSMOPOLITAN EXPERIENCE-MEETING.

lytes, Cretes and Arabians." At the gathering in Oak Hall there were present Irish, Scotch, English, Germans, French, Italians, Scandinavians, Chinamen, Japanese, Bohemians, Spaniards, Americans, and strangers from the islands of the sea. These various nationalities could easily have been precipitated into a religious war. They were united in nothing save their common poverty and depression. But they all heard "gladly" Mrs. McCord or any one she might indorse. The thought of this heterogenèous collection of human beings, concerning their "patron saint" and the Master whom she claimed to have sent her among them, may be gathered from some observations expressed at the close of the last meeting. Mrs. McCord stated that she desired to know, for her encouragement, how they felt about this work, and about the good Nazarene, the carpenter's Son. The following responses were made:

Mr. McFadden—"I can na' tell hoo much I hae been blest mony times in these meetin's. An' my auld wifie she hae been vary greatly benefited allsoo. Oor ain hame hae been muckle changed for the better. I hae gien mysel' to the gude Master, that keeps my young bairn, Jammie,

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

till I gang to the gowden city. I've his gude word o' promise that he'll tak' me, by-and-by, to my ain countree. Sae I'm watchin', an' singin' o' my hame over there, and lis'nin' for the soun'in' o' his footfa' when he cooms to tak me to my ain bonnie hame. May the Almi'ty Fayther bless you, Mrs. McCord, for your gude work!"

The Irish Policeman—"I belave in the Holy Catholic Church, and in the holy St. Pether; but it's mesilf that is afther bain' much plaised with the woork of Mrs. McCord. She reminds me vary mooch of me own mither in good owld Ireland. And by the power of the holy St. Pathrick, I'll fight any time for Mrs. McCord and the carpenter's Son, who was also the Son of the Holy Mary. May her blessing be upon yees all!"

Jacob Isaac, the father of "Sheeny," the news-boy—"I be von Israelite. I stay by mine fadders. I vill no run away from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. But I like dot mon, you kall him vat, de karpenter's Son? Dot karpenter he vas Joseph, von of mine brudders. He vas a goot mon. If I had bin dare ven dem peoples kilt his son, I would hab hit dem mit mine fist. He speak goot doctreene. He do goot vary much mit de com-

COSMOPOLITAN EXPERIENCE-MEETING.

mon peoples. He speak to mine countrymen, de Jews, first, and den he say dare be room also for de Gentiles, vich is you mons. I vill stand for him in dese meetin's. I vill also stand for mine friend, Mrs. McCord. De blessin' of de Got of Jacob, mine fadder, be upon dis daughter of Sarah, who vas mine mudder, also!"

A Frenchman—"Oui! Oui! I vas vary much plee-zed wid vat I hear about ze *bon' homme*. *Il est le tres grand homme*. Vat you call him, eh? *Le bon temps viendra*. I vil say zat *ma chere Madame* McCord is doing *le grande oeuvre*, ze great work. I vil vary much stand up *un peu* for *notre dame*. *Dieu vous garde*."

John Chinaman—"Me likee Nazalene Manee. He is good Manee. He makes me good manee. He talkee like Confu'cee. He must be son of Confu'cee. I will be his manee. Mrs. McCo'd make me feel goodee. I come again. How much monee you want? I give one dolla'."

Scandinavian—"Ya tank ya like vary much to come to dis meetin'. He make ma feel goot in ma breast. Mrs. McCord, she speak so noice. She tell de truth some vary much. Ya tank ya vill believe in dat Man of Nazaret'. Ya vill pay for

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

one Bible, ond read him one leetle bit on Sunday. Ya vil give two dallo' to pay for dis Hall."

The Farmer—"Well, I reckon I ort to say somethin', seein' I'm here ag'in. I fetched in a lode of hay yisterday arternoon, and hearin' about this meetin', just thought I'd stop over and a'tend to-day. There's a mighty sight o' talkin' in Koonsocket Holler about what's goin' on in this ward just now. This lady is a-doin' a powerful sight uv good, and there's no denyin' on't, neither. I've only bin here three times, and I've stopped swearin' some myself, and I only take one glass of beer now, and I used to turn in four or five every time I sold a lode of hay, or a kord uv wood. Beside this, I do n't whack old George, my off hoss, half as much as I did aforetime; and when my old mooley cow sot her hine foot in the milk pail, the other night, I only said 'dang it all,' and milked right on till the critter was dry. My old woman says I sleep sounder uv nights, and I've kissed her a half dozen times since I was here a week ago, somethin' I had n't bin a doin' much since I was a young feller a-sparkin' uv the gals and a takin' them hum from singin' skule. I tell ye, my bretherin', the leaven am a leavenin'; it's

COSMOPOLITAN EXPERIENCE-MEETING.

a spreadin' out all through me. The next time I come in, if I have any room, I will bring in some 'taters, and cabbage, and ing'ins, an' sich like, and gin 'em to these poor people. An' I won't take nothin' fur 'em, neither, even if they should offer me the pay, for I've got a powerful sight uv them, and am just a-feedin' them to the stock. I tell you, my bretherin', it pays to be liberal. My mother had an old Book that had somethin' writ in it like this, 'Give, an' it shall be given to you ag'in, pressed down and runnin' over.' So I kalcurlate it will all cum back to me ag'in, like the prodigal son, and offerin' ten per cent interest to be tuk in. I want to say ag'in that the people of Koonsocket Holler is very desirable uv havin' Mrs. McCord cum out to Mason's schulehouse and giv 'em a lectur on 'How to Make the Hum Better.' Seein' uv the betterment of my hum since I've been tendin' these meetin's, it keeps a pesterin' uv me and my old woman, day and night, to know how to do it. There's a wide field there. I still keep open my offer to convay the lady out and back on my hay-riggin'."

An American—"Well, all I've got to say is, that I was a low-down drunkard and a gambler,

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

and a fast man in every way. Some months ago I heard an Unknown Man speak in the Diamond Saloon, and it made me think of my dear mother, who has been in heaven ever since I was a little boy; and when the crowd were about to attack him, I knocked three or four of them down, while the stranger got away. Ever since I heard him I have been troubled. When I heard Mrs. McCord speak, she also reminded me of my good mother, and I could hear her dear voice, just as I heard it when she left me: 'Edward, meet me in heaven.' And when, in the first meeting in this hall, the choir was singing, 'O, think of the home over there,' I decided to meet mother 'over there.' In this hope I am now living a temperate and Christian life. Pray for me."

Unknown Man—"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me

COSMOPOLITAN EXPERIENCE-MEETING.

void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I send it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands."

XXIV.

DEDICATION OF THE "CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY."

THE Sabbath following Dr. Goodfellow's first visit at Mr. McCord's and his talk with Miss Josephine McCord, he had a listener in his congregation, in the temporary place of worship, who felt an unusual interest in his sermon and in the speaker. Hitherto she had not been noted for close attention to preaching. If she attended church at all, it was simply in conformity with the requirements of college. If she had been asked to furnish an explanation of her interest in Dr. Goodfellow and his sermon, she could not have given a satisfactory answer. She was not conscious of yielding in her antagonism to religion; and as to the speaker, he was nothing to her more than an educated, popular young clergyman, to whom it was pleasant to listen. And yet, somehow, both her conscience and her heart were involved in the message and the messenger who occupied the pulpit that morning.

A DEDICATION.

It is just as true to say that while, as a rule, Dr. Goodfellow was remarkably easy and free from restraint in his pulpit efforts, this morning he was a little stiff, and, from some cause, felt more than ordinary concern as to how he might succeed. His sermon was a discussion of the obligation of personal influence. The application was earnest, urgent, loving. More than once he caught Miss Josephine's eye, and wondered to himself how the truth and the speaker were affecting her. He could not, perhaps, have given any reason for his special interest in her, other than that her religious sentiments needed reconstructing.

The "Church of the New Humanity" was now completed and ready for dedication. The daily press contained the following account of the dedicatory services:

"An unusual event occurred in our city last Sabbath. One of the oldest, wealthiest, and most aristocratic congregations was the one that formerly worshiped in the Church of the Upper Strata. This edifice, with many others, was destroyed by the late fire. The congregation has erected a much less pretentious house of worship,

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

but one which seats a larger number, and affords much better accommodations and appliances for aggressive Christian work. The well-known sympathy of Dr. Goodfellow, the pastor, for the poor and neglected classes, led the congregation to discontinue the former name, which was narrow and exclusive, and to call the present house the "Church of the New Humanity." It is a most remarkable fact that nearly the entire congregation have come to the pastor's way of thinking in regard to evangelistic work among the neglected masses. Mrs. Beverly McCord, a prominent member of the Church, has been doing a splendid work in the 'Wicked Ward,' in which she is supported by her husband, one of the wealthiest men of the city, and by many others.

"The dedication was a noted event. It lasted from Sabbath to Sabbath. Bishops and clergymen of eight different denominations participated. What was most unusual of all was the delivery of one of the sermons by Father Martini, a very liberal Catholic priest. This gentleman has exhibited much interest in Mrs. McCord's work, and, indeed, is co-operating with her. His sermon produced a profound impression. Many are curious

A DEDICATION.

to know what will be the effect upon his standing in his own Church, since such a course is in direct violation of its rules. Dr. Goodfellow is to be congratulated on the success of his ministry in this wealthy Church. Only very few men of his age attain to such eminent success in so short a time."

Of course the Unknown Man was present. He was assigned the part of reading the Scripture lesson and offering prayer. It was remarked that his prayer was entirely quoted from the Bible, without a word of his own composition being introduced; and, instead of reading the selected lesson, he simply repeated it from memory. He seems to know the whole Bible by heart.

This somewhat singular person has attracted no little attention in the city. The reporters have repeatedly attempted to interview him, but with no success. Finally, the most enterprising paper of the city, which has never met with failure in interviewing distinguished men, ordered one of its reporters to "run this man down," and to find out who he was, where he was from, what was his business, who paid him, and what he meant by his erratic course, failing in which, he would be dis-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

missed from the reportorial service. He set about his work with his usual perseverance. He did not know where the Unknown Man lived; nobody did; so he stationed himself on a street where he was often seen. Soon he came along, when the reporter accosted him thus:

Reporter—"Will you walk into the restaurant, sir, and have some refreshments, and kindly give me some account of your work?"

The Unknown Man said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," and walked on.

The reporter followed him, plying his questions on the wing.

Reporter—"Would you kindly give me your name?"

Unknown Man—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

Q.—"May I inquire something concerning your origin? Who was your father?"

A.—"Consider how great this man was; without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."

A DEDICATION.

Q.—“Well, what is your business?”

A.—“My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me. Know ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”

Q.—“May I ask who supports you in this work?”

A.—“Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet’s reward.”

Q.—“Which one of the prophets are you?”

A.—“I am no prophet, neither am I a prophet’s son.”

Q.—“Well, do tell me what you expect to accomplish by your erratic methods.”

A.—“The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God.” “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.” “Grace, mercy, and truth be with thee. Farewell.”

With these words he shot around the corner, and was soon out of sight. The reporter handed

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

the interview to the managing editor, with the remark: "I give it up. Pay me off and I'll go." The editor read it, and said: "Good. That will pass. We'll publish that in full, double-leaded. Go on with your work. You're all right." When the interview appeared in the paper, it sent several thousand persons to their Bibles to study the meaning and connections of the quotations from the Scriptures. Thus the press unwittingly helped to promote the reading of the Bible, and enshrouded the Unknown Man in still greater mystery.

XXV.

MR. BEVERLY McCORD CONSULTS DR. GOOD- FELLOW.

MR. BEVERLY McCORD, with several other gentlemen of large means, had been seriously considering for some time what would be the wisest and most useful disposition to make of a large sum of money which they had at command. It was agreed among them that Mr. McCord should consult Dr. Goodfellow in the matter. Accordingly he called at his study for that purpose.

"Dr. Goodfellow," he said, "I have been wonderfully prospered in my business. I now have five hundred thousand dollars to dispose of, where it will do the most good. I have distributed twenty per cent of my profits among the operatives of my factory, in addition to their regular wages. I therefore feel that I can justly invest this surplus where it will bring comfort and happiness to others."

"I am delighted," said Dr. Goodfellow, "to hear of your prosperity, your justice toward your

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

employees, and your liberal thought concerning others. It is just what I would expect of a large-hearted Christian man of business."

"I have five friends," continued Mr. McCord, "who do not desire their names to be known, who have each one hundred thousand dollars that they wish to add to mine, making a total of one million, which we desire to place where it will produce the largest possible immediate and permanent good to others. I have called in behalf of my friends, and for myself, to consult with you on the subject."

"Well, I must confess," said Dr. Goodfellow, "that you confer upon me an unexpected honor, as well as devolve upon me a most grave responsibility, in soliciting my counsel in the disposition of so large a sum of money. But I shall be glad to do anything in my power to help you and your worthy friends to a wise conclusion. I have no doubt, Mr. McCord, that you have some convictions and some possible plans in your own mind, and I would be pleased to have you make them known to me, if you deem it proper, and we will talk them over."

Mr. McCord—"Yes, Doctor, I have some 'convictions,' and I desire your opinion as to their

DR. GOODFELLOW CONSULTED.

soundness. First, I believe that every man should make provision for the comfortable support of his family, and the continuance of his business, in the event of unexpected death. Second, I believe that a fair percentage, over and above what is necessary for operating expenses, should be equitably distributed among his own employees, and that the remainder should be invested where it will do the greatest immediate good to those who need help the most. And I hold, further, that every man should be his own administrator."

Dr. Goodfellow—"Capital! Nothing could be more humane and Christlike. Your 'convictions' are all right. Proceed."

Mr. McCord—"I am not through yet with my 'convictions.' You have doubtless observed that some of the most wealthy men of the day are investing their money in colleges, art galleries, and public libraries. I do not set myself up as a judge of other men. They alone are responsible for the use they make of their money. But when I remember the thousands of poor and neglected people in our large cities, who, whether it be their fault or their misfortune, are destitute of the comforts, and many of the necessities, of life, it seems

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

to me that such a disposition of money is not the wisest, unless as much at least is bestowed for the benefit of these needy people. Not one young person in a thousand will ever be able to reach a college education. And in view of the liberal provision made by the State for the education of its children in the public schools, I doubt whether they need a collegiate education, excepting for professional and scientific pursuits. The oppressed masses will certainly never reach the elevated plane of a college under the present order of society. It is easy to see how, without intending it, an educated aristocracy may arise as the result of this exclusive flow of money into colleges and universities, which will widen the chasm between the rich and the poor, unless more is done for their betterment."

Dr. Goodfellow—"Quite right, Mr. McCord, quite right. I fully agree with you. I have thought of publicly protesting against this unfair direction of private benefactions. I see both the injustice and the danger of such exclusive benevolence."

Mr. McCord—"As to public libraries: every city should have one as soon as her citizens are

DR. GOODFELLOW CONSULTED.

able to furnish it. But it should be created and supported in the same manner as the public schools. Most of the submerged thousands among the masses are as yet far below the level of a public library. They have neither taste nor ability to appreciate its advantages. Some of the millions that rich men are giving for the establishment of public libraries might wisely be placed so as to improve the condition of the poor and neglected, and lift them to a level where they will have the time and the taste to use the advantages of a library. To make provision for an increase of the intelligence of one class, while nothing is being done to uplift the other, only widens the distance between them, and adds aggravation to the situation. I have not thought, therefore, of investing any of my money in either colleges, libraries, or art galleries."

Dr. Goodfellow—"I find myself in perfect accord with your sentiments and argument. I believe you have struck the vital point. The men who are making large fortunes to-day in the great cities hold the destiny of the Nation in their hands. They have the key that will unlock the door to a solution of the situation. The cities are

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

the storm-centers. The discontented are there. Their number is increasing much more rapidly than the other class, relatively. The cities of the world are all growing. At the present rate of increase the cities of America, in 1920, will contain ten million more people than the rural districts. Unless more effort is successfully directed towards the improvement of their industrial, intellectual, and religious condition, it is only a question of time when the cities will be at the mercy of these discontented, angered masses. What will become of the colleges, libraries, and art galleries when the enraged mob marches the streets with torch in hand? The lessons of history should be heeded. Is not the situation appalling, when some rich men think it necessary to build a high iron fence around their homes and to maintain private detectives, in order to their personal safety? This is ominously suggestive. The large cities control the Nation, and when the cities collapse the Nation will go to pieces. Therefore, patriotism and religion, as well as the security of the homes of the more prosperous classes, all call loudly upon the Church and wealthy men generally, to interest themselves actively in lifting the pressure from

DR. GOODFELLOW CONSULTED.

our brothers who are down, and can not rise under the present order of things."

Mr. McCord—"It affords me great satisfaction to find my pastor in such hearty agreement with all my 'convictions' and plans. Indeed, I more than suspected as much from the instruction you have been giving us from the pulpit. Now, it is the thought of myself and friends to establish, and partially endow, a large religious, social, and industrial institution in the 'Wicked Ward' of our city. As you know, Mrs. McCord has been strangely directed and wonderfully blessed in her labors among the poor people in that ward. While I have not said much, I have been in perfect sympathy with her, and have cheerfully furnished all necessary financial support for the work. I now believe that large and permanent buildings should be erected, and a suitable endowment provided for successfully prosecuting this great movement, which grows all the time. I think the policy of the Churches in renting a little, uninviting, old store-room, and establishing an insignificant weakling called 'Our Mission,' among these vast unchurched populations, is like trying to dip the ocean dry with a single pail. Such methods will

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

always fail. Besides, this policy generally excites the disgust of the people, and estranges them more and more from the Churches. They should have directly in their midst fine buildings of which they will be proud, and thus forestall the possibility of unfavorable contrast between themselves and the people of the rich Churches, which is a perpetual cause of irritation. With the fabulous wealth of some of the Churches, and with the hundreds of capable workers, who are really fossilizing for want of more exercise in religious activity, there can no longer be any excuse for the patronizing and impoverished attitude of Christian people towards these unfortunate subjects of their sickly missionary zeal.

“This is only a mere outline of our plans; nothing has yet taken definite form. But we are prepared to proceed immediately to the purchase of a block of ground, centrally located, and to the erection of such buildings as may be necessary in furthering and making permanent a movement which, I think, originated in one of your prayer-meeting talks. What do you think of it?”

Dr. Goodfellow—“I am humbled to think that the slightest credit should be ascribed to me for

DR. GOODFELLOW CONSULTED.

the origin of such a magnificent enterprise, so Christly in its conception and possibilities. Let us give the Master all praise, for to him all praise belongs. I am glad that I have lived to see this day, and to hear these words of wisdom from your lips, Mr. McCord. You need no advice from me. The Master is leading you. Follow him. And wherein I can serve in carrying out your Christly plans, do not fail to use me."

Mr. McCord reported the result of this interview to his colleagues, who were much gratified to have the sympathy and support of so prominent a reformer as Dr. Goodfellow. They proceeded at once to lay their plans before an architect, with instructions to furnish specifications and drawings accordingly. Then they visited the "Wicked Ward," and after thoroughly inspecting the ground, they found an entire block occupied by old, rickety tenement-houses, which belonged to an estate, and had long been advertised for sale; this they purchased at quite a low price. Next they engaged a competent contractor and builder to superintend the construction of the proposed buildings, with direction to give all the work he could to the laboring-men of the ward, so as to

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

distribute as much money as possible among them. The old tenements were immediately removed, and given without charge to the people for fuel. The excavations proceeded without delay, and soon the work was well under way. The block was large enough to furnish ground for walks, lawns, flower-beds, fountains; in short, everything that would tend to the improvement of taste and the purification of life.

XXVI.

A DINNER TO BUD AND HIS MOTHER.

NOTWITHSTANDING Jennie had been found and brought home by a newsboy, Mrs. Patterson had abated but little of her feeling of opposition to the street fraternity. But in deference to Jennie's wish she had consented to have Bud and his mother at her home for dinner. This was indeed a great concession for a proud, high-minded woman, such as she was. When Mrs. McCord had suggested to her that, perhaps, some day she "might desire to give a dinner to 'the poor, the lame, the maimed, the blind,'" she answered, "*Never*," with sharply-pronounced emphasis. But she did not then know the experience that was in waiting for her. No one does. Time and circumstances work unexpected changes. Many a one has said, "I will not go," and then afterwards went. Mrs. Patterson still had much to learn. She had not yet graduated from the school of experience.

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

The change in the appearance of Bud's mother since Mrs. McCord first met her was very great. She was now a prim, neatly-dressed lady of middle age. Bud had lost most of the characteristics of a newsboy. He was now a handsome, well-dressed, intelligent-looking boy of eighteen. He had made remarkable progress in his studies at school. He had quickly developed into a bright, industrious business lad, quite useful in the office in many ways. When they arrived at Mrs. Patterson's, pursuant to her invitation to dinner, there was nothing in their appearance to indicate their humble origin. It was the desire of Mrs. Patterson to have the Unknown Man with them also; but he was nowhere to be found. Mrs. McCord, however, was present. Jennie was delighted to have Bud at her own home. She took him all over the premises, commenting on the paintings and statuary; walking up and down the beautiful paths in the yard.

"Jennie," said Bud, "you have a nice home. I am so glad I found you when you were lost, and brought you back to your own home. What an awful thing it would have been if you had been kept in that saloon!"

DINNER TO BUD AND HIS MOTHER.

"O, Bud, I can never pay you for finding me, and getting me out of that wicked place, and away from those bad men," said Jennie, while the tears stood in her eyes. "Say, Bud, would n't you like to live in a house like this?"

"Indeed I would," answered Bud; "but I can never hope for that. You know I am a poor boy, and my mother is poor, and I have no father."

"O, do n't be discouraged, Bud. I heard Mr. McCord say the other day that you would make one of the best business men in the city, and that in a few years you could have any place you wanted in his factory," said Jennie, as she looked with her big blue eyes straight into his handsome, manly face, which had crimsoned a little at this unexpected darting of another ray of hope into his young life.

"Say, Bud," continued Jennie, as she cast her eyes downward, "have you bought that house yet with the gold papa gave you? Remember we may want to live in it some day."

"Jennie," answered Bud with some animation, as he looked directly into her bewitching eyes, "what did you mean that day when you said that?"

"O, nothing," replied Jennie, tossing her

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

auburn tresses over her shoulders, "maybe some day you 'll understand better."

The dinner hour had arrived, and they were called into the house. Mrs. Patterson was an accomplished lady, notwithstanding her pride was wounded a little by having people beneath her social grade at a formal dinner in her home. And so she studied to make herself agreeable and her guests comfortable. After they had departed, and Mr. Patterson had returned from business, she said to him:

"Husband, I regret to see quite a friendship growing between Bud and Jennie. Indeed, I fear that even now, young as they are, it is becoming more than mere friendship. Why, Jennie wants to talk about him all the time. And she has several times said, in a joking kind of way, of course, that Bud was going to buy a house with the money you gave him for them to live in. Now I do n't like this at all. We will have to keep them apart. I think we had better send Jennie away to school."

"O, wife," suggested Mr. Patterson, "I think you are needlessly alarmed. They are very young, and will probably outgrow these youthful fancies. But even if they do n't, what of it? Bud

DINNER TO BUD AND HIS MOTHER.

has in him the making of a splendid man. Mr. McCord informs me that he is the brightest and steadiest boy he ever had in his office. What if he is poor? So was I, and so was your father, when we were boys. There are many worse things than to be poor when you are a boy. Indeed, the comparison between industrious, steady poor boys and the sons of rich men is much to the credit of the first. Better let the youngsters alone, and await the developments of time. A few years may work great changes. And do n't forget that, but for Bud, Jennie dear might have been worse than dead to us."

Then picking up the evening paper, Mr. Patterson said: "I see Father Martini, the Catholic priest, who preached at the dedication of our church, is having trouble with his bishop. Here is a little correspondence between them that sparkles with sharp points." He read:

"REVEREND FATHER MARTINI:

"Dear Father,—It has caused me great pain and mortification to learn that you have been affiliating with Protestant heretics in religious services and charitable work. I am the more surprised at this when I remember your great knowl-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

edge of the traditions and policy of the Holy Catholic Church. You certainly have not forgotten that the blessed Holy Church, the mother of us all, holds and propagates the only true and saving faith, through His Holiness the Pope; that all other teaching is but as straw and stubble which will be burned; that all other teachers are in darkness. How can the blind lead the blind without both falling into the ditch? I hope it is not true of you, as of some others, that you are seeking after new things to gain cheap notoriety. As a faithful and loyal son in the Gospel, may I hope to see you return soon to your place in the Church, with due humility, penance, and confession; and hereafter cease to wander away from the arms of your mother, and to disregard the authority of your superiors.

“Faithfully yours,

“D—————,

“*Bishop of the Diocese of Chattahoochee.*”

FATHER MARTINI'S REPLY.

“TO THE BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF CHATTAHOOCHEE:

“*Dear Bishop,*—I acknowledge the due receipt of your loving epistle. It gives me unspeakable pain to think you capable of such narrowness. I had supposed that at least some of

DINNER TO BUD AND HIS MOTHER.

our bishops were men of large sympathy and independent thought. But I perceive that you are still in the bonds of a fallible ecclesiasticism, walking in the darkness of the sixteenth century. Has it never occurred to you that the wants of humanity are greater than the ability of the Holy Church to relieve them, especially with its cumbersome machinery? Pardon me for saying that you are less the Christly man I supposed you to be, if your heart of love is not broader and deeper than the Church. I am sure mine is; nor will I check its expansion or quench its burning when I see the multitudes perishing for lack of knowledge and sympathetic help. Must I run for holy vestments, Churchly rubrics, priestly parchments, episcopal permissions, before I can help lift up a fallen brother or sister? Your Master and mine said, 'Other sheep have I that are not of this fold.' Will you stand by and let them die because, forsooth, they do not come inside of your sheepfold? I will not, God being my helper. The Lord Christ is more to me than any Church. His authority over me is final—higher than that of bishop, council, or pope. When I see an ox in the ditch I will first help him out, and run for the 'authority' afterwards, when there are no more oxen down. I love my Church, and am loyal to the truth she holds, and obedient to her rightful authority; but when she annuls the word of my

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

Master, she ceases to be his mouthpiece, and I am free from her jurisdiction. I am not forgetful of my constant need of mercy, and I humble myself before my Divine Master, and confess my shortcomings to him, with due repentance. I do not love my Church less, but I love my Lord more. I shall continue, as heretofore, to affiliate with all good people who work in his name.

“Faithfully your son,

“GIUSEPPE MARTINI.”

This spicy exchange of sentiment brought the Catholic priest at once into still greater prominence, and widened his field of usefulness. Invitations to speak poured in upon him from all parts of the city and adjacent country, and thousands flocked to hear him preach the gospel who, until recently, knew nothing of his existence.

XXVII.

INTERESTING DISCUSSION ON LOVE.

MISS JOSEPHINE McCORD had been duly recognized by the society friends of the family, after her return from school, by numerous receptions, luncheons, and other functions. Her beauty of person and accomplishment of mind were generally admitted and admired. Probable candidates for her special attention were already within range of the vision of those who make it their business to prophesy. The calls of Dr. Goodfellow at the McCord residence were becoming more frequent than ordinary pastoral visits. Drives in the parks and on the lake boulevards were now of occasional occurrence. The mutual satisfaction of the parties to these visits and excursions was becoming more and more apparent. What thoughts and visions flitted through their minds no one knew but themselves. There was in their short acquaintance that happy concurrence of conditions and circumstances that would, perhaps, give wings

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

to fancy and flight to imagination, beyond what either would care to admit. She was handsome, educated, mature, eligible. He was likewise. To suppose that she was indifferent to him as an available friend, if nothing more, would be to suppose her destitute of that divine instinct which is peculiarly the property of a woman. To suppose him to be blind to her charms of person, her finished culture, her social standing, would be to suppose him deficient in that keen penetration into the "fitness of things" which usually characterizes a man of good judgment when he holds any serious thought concerning the selection of a companion for his life work. Most of the essential elements of a desirable matrimonial alliance were present. First, the family record of each was known to the other, and needed no further investigation. In this respect no risk would be involved. Second, by training and age they were both fitted for the responsibilities of married life. Third, they were both available. As to this last point, however, neither knew anything of the possible obligations of the other. Indeed, while probably all these thoughts were active in the breasts of both, neither had any reason whatever to suspect

DISCUSSION OF LOVE.

that the other shared in such dreamy abstractions. If either had been charged with entertaining such reflections, a prompt denial would no doubt have followed. It is in the nature of Cupid's first approaches that the real feeling of both parties shall be concealed until a considerable period of angling shall have elapsed. After the damming up, for a longer or shorter time, of the holiest emotions of the heart, until love is seized with an irresistible desire for expression, the overflow of the dam, or the bursting of the reservoir, sometimes called a "confession," takes place,—as if it were a crime to reveal the honest impulses of the heart in a matter of such supreme import. Whether these two interesting characters shall be obliged to pay the penalty of modern social form, before a proper understanding shall be reached, doth not yet appear. Indeed, whether this apparently opportune acquaintance shall ever evolve anything that will permanently survive the usual connubial calisthenics, depends entirely upon matters that can not now be recorded. It should be stated, however, in order to the reader's better understanding of the problem, that Miss Josephine does not admit to herself, for a moment, that she could

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

ever become the wife of a clergyman. That kind of life is not to her taste. She has said to herself, many times, that if the distant imaginations of her fancy should ever become a realization, Dr. Goodfellow would have to abandon the ministry and give himself to some secular pursuit. Besides this, her peculiar views on religion would forever be a cause of irritation between them. Dr. Goodfellow, while keenly alive to the good qualities of her character, is just as clear in his conviction that the wife of a clergyman should be in perfect accord with her husband in all things religious and ecclesiastical, and that, therefore, Miss Josephine would have to undergo a change of mind on some things, before a matrimonial consummation, however devoutly wished for, could become an actuality.

With this review of the situation, Dr. Goodfellow and Miss McCord are together in the parlor at her home. Dr. Goodfellow is an expert in writing and delivering sermons and lectures. His readiness of speech and smooth flow of language always make him interesting and restful as a speaker. But in matters of love he was without experience. This was a field that he had not yet

DISCUSSION OF LOVE.

explored. Everything was new to him here, albeit quite appetizing. He was also a man of unusual modesty, never hasty in entering upon new pursuits or walking in untried paths. He had come to a place, however, in his acquaintance with Miss Josephine, where he thought both duty and desire called for some conversation on amatory affairs. But he was at an utter loss how to introduce the subject. Miss Josephine observed his embarrassment, and, with that alertness for which women are noted on such occasions, sought to relieve him as much as possible. Finally, her name suggested to him a key that might open the way.

"I suppose, Miss Josephine," said he, "that you get your name from the first wife of Napoleon, who had not only a beautiful name, but was a lovely character as well;" and then he drew a long breath, and changed position in his chair, as if a tremendous load had been lifted from his mind.

"No, I can not say that my parents chose the name for that reason, though it is quite satisfactory to me," said Miss McCord. "I, nevertheless, have always admired the character of Josephine, and sympathized with her in the great wrong her

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

heartless husband inflicted upon her when he put her away for 'state considerations.' "

"Do you really think that Napoleon loved Josephine?" ventured the doctor, as his face took on a tinge of peach-blossom hue; for this was the first time he had uttered the word "love" in the presence of Miss McCord, and it sounded to him like the report of a cannon.

Miss Josephine at once warmed up to the subject, and declared her conviction that such a tyrant as the French emperor was utterly incapable of the "tender passion," purposely avoiding the use of the word "love" out of regard for the evident embarrassment of the young pastor.

"Well, I have no doubt he was a cold man," said the doctor; "but I believe he was the subject of a strangely bewitching power from Josephine, and that he committed as great a crime against his own heart as he did against his charming wife, when he divorced her for another, or rather for the empire. His second marriage to Maria Louisa of Austria, of course, was only a matter of convenience. But he paid dearly for his folly." This was said without restraint, his usual freedom returning to him as he entered the field of history.

DISCUSSION OF LOVE.

"Do you think Maria Louisa had any real love for him?" inquired Josephine.

At the mention of the word "love" Dr. Goodfellow perceptibly stirred in his chair, as if taken with a sudden pain in the region of the heart. "Quite possibly," he replied. "It does not seem hard for a woman to love a great character like Napoleon, you know."

"I can not say that I do know," declared Josephine. "I only have an opinion that the marriage was merely a business transaction, of the royal kind, with no heart in it."

"Well, these royal people have some advantage over us common folks," declared the pastor, "especially on the woman's side."

"In what way?" inquired Miss McCord.

"Why, I understand it is the privilege of a queen or a princess to make her own selection of a husband, not waiting for solicitation from the other sex first. Queen Victoria is said to have proposed marriage to Prince Albert."

"That has been denied. But if it is true, the privilege is of questionable value, especially to the sex at large," rejoined Miss Josephine, with a somewhat serious look.

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

"It certainly would be a relief to bashful men, if it were permissible for ladies to take the initiative in such embarrassing matters," suggested the doctor, with a deep inspiration, which attracted the attention of Miss Josephine. After a short pause he proceeded: "By the way, what is this that I read sometimes in the magazines about Platonic love? What kind of love is that?" He had sufficiently recovered himself to pronounce the word "love" without trepidation, and was comparatively calm.

"I guess it is a kind of cold, intellectual regard for another, that does not involve the heart, which even married persons, it is claimed, can innocently entertain. But I don't want that kind," affirmed Josephine, with emphasis.

"Neither do I," protested Dr. Goodfellow, as he brought his open hand down on his knee. "I want the genuine thing or nothing." And now since the discussion of the subject was fairly opened, he went on to inquire: "I wonder how love originates? Is it an evolution; a survival of the fittest; a coaxing out from its place of concealment of an already existing principle, passion, or sentiment, when the conditions are favorable,

DISCUSSION OF LOVE.

like the silent unfolding of the bud into the bloom and beauty of the rose? A strange thing it seems to be. I wonder how one feels when one becomes the victim of this bewitching passion?"

The pastor was now well under way, and could have gone on in this delightful strain indefinitely, but for the interruption of Miss Josephine with the remark: "From the way you talk, Dr. Goodfellow, one might think you were either in love yourself, or in danger of being entangled in the meshes of Cupid," at which the pastor flushed more than ever, and began to cough quite vigorously.

Miss McCord thought this a favorable time to divert the conversation to a matter that interested her no little; and so she ventured the suggestion: "Dr. Goodfellow, I would think that a gentleman of your ability and attainments would give your attention exclusively to the lecture field, or to scientific and literary pursuits, where the compensation would be more liberal, and where you could be independent and not the servant of everybody, as you must be in your present calling."

"I am not a clergyman for the money there

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

is in it," promptly answered the pastor. "I could command double the salary I am now receiving if I wanted more money. I am in my present pastorate from a sense of duty. It is no restriction of my liberty to be the servant of others. I am not above my Master. It is my greatest joy to contribute to the happiness of others. I shall always be a preacher of righteousness from glad-some acquiescence in a Divine call and order. I envy your blessed mother for the Christly work she is doing among the poor, and your liberal-minded father for his princely plans for the improvement of these same people."

Miss Josephine had struck a sensitive chord in the heart of her pastor. She perceptibly dropped her head as she listened to his eloquent words of reply. The true man sprang to the front when touched at a point so vital to him. Evidently she did not understand him, or she never would have made the suggestion. The time having arrived for ending the interview, Josephine accompanied him to the door. He kindly said, "Good-night." She said the same, with the addition, "Call again, Doctor. We are always glad to see our pastor."

DISCUSSION OF LOVE.

When Josephine retired to her room, she threw herself on the bed, and soliloquized thus: "Why was I so foolish as to suggest that he might give up his calling as a minister? I never supposed he was so attached to his work. I have misunderstood him. I am afraid I have offended and hurt him. I wonder if he will come again? I am utterly unworthy of such a man. His sentiments are so lofty and his life so pure, that I feel far beneath him. I fear there is a chasm between us that can never be bridged. O dear! what a mistake I have made! How can I recall my unwise words?"

When Dr. Goodfellow left the door of the McCord residence for his apartments the stars cast a mellow radiance of soft light over the trees; the moon's shimmering gleams distinctly printed the outline of objects on the street; the noise of an occasional passing cab could be heard; the steady tread of the night-watchman, as he paced slowly over his accustomed beat, was distinct; the electric lamp threw elongated shadows on the sidewalk and street; here and there a dim flame could be seen through the partially open window-shutter; the city clock pealed out the hour of night,

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

like a faithful sentinel standing vigil on a lofty tower. But none of these things were observed by the returning pastor. His thoughts were otherwise occupied. A voice within was saying: "What made me so weak? What have I done that I should be embarrassed at the mention of the word 'love?' I wonder what is the matter with me! She must have noticed my trepidation. I wonder if she meant that my calling would be in the way of our union for life! I wonder if it will be possible for her to change her views on religion, and become a humble disciple of the Nazarene! We shall see. With Him all things are possible. He will direct my steps. I will trust him and not make haste."

XXVIII.

HOW A SOCIALIST CLUB WAS DISBANDED.

A STRONG Socialist Club was in existence in the "Wicked Ward," which held weekly meetings for the consideration of matters pertaining to their principles and purposes. The subject for the current week was the relation of the Church to the condition of the poor man and the wage-earner. It having become known to Dr. Goodfellow and the Unknown Man that this subject was to be considered, they were both present. The room was packed with a company of men, most of whom had passed the meridian of life. They wore the marks of toil on their hands, and of earnestness and discontent on their faces. It was manifest from their appearance, as well as from their speech, that they were not pleased with the existing economic and social order. There was about them the air of injured men. They had much to say of their "rights." They were not hopeful of a better day by the slow process of evolu-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

tion. Prophecies of "revolution," redolent of portentous menace and angry defiance, were of frequent utterance, like the distant mutterings of approaching storm. A number of persons of foreign birth could be seen, whose grievances had their root in soils beyond the sea. With some exceptions, the spirit of honest purpose seemed to prevail, but the spirit of reverence was notably absent. Extreme sensitiveness as to their personal rights was ever in the foreground, but respect for their mutual privileges as members of the Club was as unappreciable as in any ordinary political or religious assembly. One not in sympathy with their sentiments and methods would be ill at ease in their presence. Their mode of warfare on established institutions was much like the attack of the Chinese on an enemy—it was largely the boldness and bluster of noise, without reason or coolness. And yet, listening to their discussion, one could but feel that most of these men were sincere, and that they had a case of real or imaginary wrong, mostly real; and that they needed, above all else, wise counsel and competent leadership. As Dr. Goodfellow heard them talk, he said, "Poor men! how I wish I could

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

conduct them out of the meshes into which they have fallen, to the True Light and Way!"

The president of the Club called them to order, and announced the theme of the evening, with the statement that any one was at liberty to speak briefly on any phase of the subject that seemed to him to need ventilation. No time was lost or wasted. Such men are full of grievances and always ready to speak. The following are samples of the addresses. The first speaker was a mechanic, and had been a Church member. He said:

"The Church has nothing for me. I have tried it, and I am disappointed and tired of its hypocrisy. A few years ago I was sick for weeks, and not a member entered my house during my illness. The pastor came once and offered a few words of prayer; but never inquired if there was bread in the house for wife and children. When a little later the Church permitted old Brother L. to go to the poorhouse, I thought it was time for me to make some provision for the future, that my family might not suffer in case of my death. So I joined a secret society, and attend its meetings every week instead of the Church, and pay

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

my money there. If I am sick I am cared for. Watchers are with me when needed. If I should die I will have decent burial. This is all the Church I want."

These remarks were greeted with applause. This address was followed by a speaker of considerable ability, on this wise:

"What has the Church in common with the poor man? What sympathy has it for the sun-burned, plainly-dressed wage-earner and his family? Eighty per cent of its members are rich, or well-to-do. Look at the splendid temples, costing millions, in which they profess to worship God! Look at the marble palaces in which many of them reside! Do you suppose they would enter the miserable hovels in which many of us are compelled to herd? No, sir; they would not soil their fine clothes in that way. Do you think they want us in their grand churches? No, sir; they do not. A recent writer, himself a Churchman, says: 'Go into the ordinary church on Sunday morning, and you see lawyers, merchants, and business men with their families; you see teachers, salesmen, and clerks, and a certain proportion of educated mechanics; but the working-

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

man and his household are not there. It is doubtful if one in twenty of the average congregation in English-speaking city churches fairly belongs to this class.' The writer then tells the story of a newspaper reporter in the garb of a respectable-looking laborer who presented himself for admission at each of the principal churches in the city. At some he was treated with positive rudeness; at others with cold politeness. Only one or two gave him a cordial, and, even then, a somewhat surprised, welcome. No, sir; Mr. President, they do not want us in their fine churches. [Cheers.] True, they would not forget us altogether. One of the bishops of the richest Church in America said in a paper on the 'Estrangement of the Masses from the Church,' 'Wherever the people are, in our close-packed cities, or in our far Western regions, let the *plain chapel exist for them.*' Yes, sir; that's the policy of the Church. Costly temples for the rich; *plain chapels for the poor!* Why 'plain chapels?' We could hardly expect the rich to be satisfied with 'plain chapels,' such as they propose to furnish the poor, but we might ask them to divide with us the cost of their expensive temples and give

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

us churches to worship in that we and our children will not be ashamed of. Give us fifty thousand of the hundred thousand dollars, or more, that many of them cost, and we will build five neat, commodious 'chapels' to their one, and hold up our heads when we go to church."

Great applause followed as the speaker sat down. Several of the members about him enthusiastically shook his hand, patting him on the shoulders and remarking, "You're a thoroughbred, old fellow; you ought to go to Congress." The next gentleman on the floor was a wiry little fellow, with a squeaky voice, who desired to call attention to the condition of the tenement-houses.

"Mr. President, I read in the newspapers the other day this statement, made by a distinguished divine and a friend of the poor. He said: 'The overcrowding in our great cities makes impossible, not only refinement, but even decency in the districts where the poor live. I made a recent investigation in the city of New York myself. I went into one room, not more than ten by twelve feet, in which there were eighteen people, men, women, and children, that ate and lived and slept in that room. And they were not only men and

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

women, but they were blacks and whites, gathered together in the same apartment.' Mr. President, I have lived in some of these holes where human beings are crowded together like cattle in a stock-car, and I know what it means. The condition of the water-closets, the foulness of the air, the filth of the back yards and alleys, the indecency of speech, the unchasteness of conduct, are an abomination and a stench that would surprise one in the wilds of Africa. And yet, sir, I am told that some of these foul tenements are owned by rich Church members, who live in costly mansions, and whose only interest in the people that live in these pens is to collect their rent. [Applause.] Besides this, sir, when we wage-earners make an effort to secure better wages, in order to live in some kind of comfort and raise our children in decency, the rich of the Church are generally on the side of our oppressors, if, indeed, they are not the guilty parties themselves. Is it any wonder, sir, that we do n't attend the churches? I wish some of these smooth-faced, white-necktied, well-fed parsons were here that they could hear what we have to say, and answer for their heartless Churches. [Significant glances

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

toward Dr. Goodfellow.] Who wants to have anything to do with Jesus Christ while in the hands of such people? If the Bible sustains the hypocrisy, heartlessness, neglect of the poor, and pandering to the rich that characterize most of the modern Churches, I do n't want my children to have anything to do with them.

"Suppose, Mr. Chairman, we poor people should want to go to church, where would they put us, and what would they do with us? In Berlin, with a million and a half of people, there are less than seventy-five churches, or about one church for every 20,000 people. In the great Christian city of London, with over five millions population, there is one church for about every 3,000. In our own Boston, the supposed 'hub' of intelligence, philanthropy, and civilization, there is only one church to every 1,600 people. In Chicago, there is one to every 2,000. In New York, one to every 2,500; and in St. Louis, one to every 2,800. In the most thoroughly-Christianized city in the world the churches would not hold half the people if they wanted to attend. And yet there is money enough represented in these religious houses to furnish a comfortable

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

place of worship for *every five hundred of the population*. Does this indicate that Christians want to reach and help the poor?

“Furthermore, Mr. President, look how these religious people flee from the commercial centers and the abodes of the poor, as if they feared the visitation of some pestilence. Says a great bishop, well known throughout the world: ‘America is the only country on the earth where the city church possesses the monstrosity of a frequent flitting day. In Rome it is never thought of, that, because St. Peter’s has to be reached by a bridge, and to reach the bridge one must go through dark and filthy streets, therefore St. Peter’s should be removed to a more desirable location. In Vienna, St. Stephen is in the midst of darker and more repellent streets; yet it is never urged against it that it is too far down-town. In Berlin and Paris the same rules applies. St. Paul’s, in London, is within two or three blocks of the money center of the world, and is surrounded still, as centuries ago, by small shops, while the city stages and cabs run around it, and make a perpetual din on every side. Yet the people go from palace and noble residence far away to get to that beautiful temple.

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

St. Margaret's and Westminster are by no means in the midst of fine residences. Yet all these places are visited by people of every class.'

"Now, Mr. President, if the Christians of this country want to save the poor, why do they run away from them when they happen to settle near their churches, selling their places of worship for business purposes, and fleeing 'up town' as from an avenging army? Possibly the 'avenger' may pursue them some day. The facts I have presented in my remarks are from Christian men themselves, and should be accepted as reliable. They constitute a most withering condemnation of the Church, her own friends being the witnesses. Yes, sir; there is something wrong, and we must continue to agitate until we secure justice."

Great and prolonged applause greeted the speaker as he closed, during which most of the members rose to their feet and shook hands with each other. Excitement was running high. A few suspicious eyes were fixed upon Dr. Goodfellow and the Unknown Man, they being strangers, and not joining in the demonstration. The president rapped for order, and the members

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

took their seats again. Slowly the Unknown Man rose. In clear, sonorous tones, with startling accentuation and masterful self-possession, he began:

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.”

Then he paused a moment. The eyes of all those that were in the hall were fastened upon him. Some restlessness was apparent, with a disposition to interrupt. The president, however, brought his mallet down upon the table with marked emphasis, and quiet ensued. The speaker resumed:

“Hear the law of the Lord: every creditor that lendeth ought unto his neighbor shall release it; he shall not exact it of his neighbor, because it is called the Lord’s release.

“If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. For the poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land."

By this time interest in the strange man and the speech was becoming intense, and all were leaning forward to catch every word, with a surprised look in their faces. The Unknown Man proceeded:

"Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren or of thy strangers that are within thy land within thy gates. At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it."

"When thou cuttest down thy harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands. When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow. When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow.

“And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger. I am the Lord your God.”

At this point a German anarchist, who had shown great nervousness and uneasiness during the recital of these laws, interrupted the speaker:

“Mister Shairman,” he cried, with considerable excitement, “I rose up to mine foots to make von leetle point of order. I objects to dot mon mit vat he says. Dish ish not von of dem confounded churches mit der prayer-meetin’. Dot mon he say some dings he ought not to say in dish place. I tink he should his speech stop, und sot down mit hissself on der floor. Udder gentlemen dot pays der moneys mit dish Club, und knows some dings mit der brinciples vich ve tight holds on to, should have der brivilege to speak sometimes,—anyhow, von little speech vat ve

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

can all him understand. Dot ish right, Mister Shairman."

The president reminded the gentleman that "one of the cardinal principles of the Club is freedom of speech, and that he had already announced that any one present has the right to take part in the discussion. The gentleman on the floor is entirely in order, and will kindly proceed."

The Unknown Man stood quiet and calm during this interruption, as if nothing had occurred, and bowing his thanks to the chairman for his courtesy, went on to say:

"And I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

"The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of this people and the princes thereof; for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor, saith the Lord God of hosts?

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

“For ye have the poor always with you, but me ye have not always.

“For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might be made rich.

“Only they would that we should remember the poor; the same which I was also forward to do.

“Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions.

“And Jesus said, Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”

As the speaker closed and sat down, the members of the Club were in a state of delightful bewilderment. Some slight applause was manifested; but there was serious doubt as to which side the stranger was on. Some things he said were evidently in condemnation of the practice

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

of the Church in neglecting the poor; other things were as clearly in reproof of themselves for not giving Christianity credit for its teachings concerning the poor. They were the more confused because the speaker uttered no opinion of his own—simply gave them the Word of the Lord without comment. They sat for several minutes looking at the Unknown Man, then at themselves, then at the president. No one seemed to know what to say or do. Finally, one gentleman who knew Dr. Goodfellow, suggested that there was present a distinguished divine and pastor of perhaps the wealthiest Church in the city, and he moved that he be invited to address the Club. The motion was promptly put and carried without objection. The president invited Dr. Goodfellow to the platform, and he spoke, in part, as follows:

“Mr. Chairman and Brothers,—It surely is a very great pleasure to me to be the recipient of such courtesy as you have just extended. I count it a distinguished honor to speak to a body of men who seem to me to be honestly seeking after that to which they are entitled by every principle of religion and right. [Hear! Hear!] It will

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

be one of the pleasantest memories of my life if I can in any measure aid you in the attainment of your rights. I am guilty of no fulsome friendship when I say that I sympathize with you most heartily in your aims, though I may not agree with your methods. While, as has been said, I have the honor to be pastor of one of the largest and wealthiest Churches in the city, my people thoroughly understand my sympathy with you. And the feeling of my Church may be indicated somewhat by the fact that some of my members are now engaged in the expenditure of *one million dollars in behalf of the poor in this ward*. [Long applause.]

“I will not attempt to answer the charges that have been made by the speakers who have preceded me, against the Church. Some of them are incapable of answer or defense. I frankly, but in sorrow, confess to their truth. I wish it were otherwise. I am doing what I can to remedy the evils of which you complain. So are many others, in the pulpit and out of it. But some things that have been said here are not capable of proof. You impress me as honest men, seeking to know the truth. You will doubtless wel-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

come the correction of any misapprehensions into which you may have fallen.

“Jesus of Nazareth is the best friend the poor man has ever had. He was the son of a mechanic and a poor man himself. His teaching, if accepted and faithfully followed, would correct all the wrongs and ill-adjustments of the world. With all her faults and failures, the true Church, in the main, is and always has been the friend of the poor. The Bible is the Magna Charta of their liberty for body, mind, and soul, as shown in the recitations of your unknown brother, delivered awhile ago. The Church has not always been what its Founder desired; nor is it such yet. But it is coming nearer the poor man every day. With God there is no distinction of persons, and in his Church the rich and the poor are alike. Thousands upon thousands of the poor are in its fold. Some of the very best Churches are composed almost exclusively of wage-earners. Others, it is true, are largely composed of the rich, who are not doing their duty to their brothers, by whose labor their wealth became possible. But thousands of eloquent voices and pens are busy all the time, pleading with the rich to help the

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

poor to higher wages, shorter hours, lovelier homes, better houses, purer air, more comfortable churches, and everything else that will make life a benediction to them and their children.

"Now, my brothers, I have a request to make. A grand Christian lady, of much wealth and high social standing, a member of my Church, has for over a year been laboring among the poor in this ward, to ameliorate their condition in every way. A few rich men, chief among them the husband of this lady, are now erecting immense buildings as a center for her work, and to give it permanency, at a cost, including endowment, of a million of dollars. They will soon be completed and ready for occupancy. My request is that you will join us in this great work. We need you, and you need us. The methods you have hitherto used will fail. Ours are succeeding and will succeed. Cease your denunciation of the Church and the rich, unite your forces with ours, and let us show the world how to elevate the poor. Come to my church. You shall have any seat you wish. Come to the meeting at Oak Hall Sunday afternoon.

"Thanking you again for the kind courtesy

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

you have shown me, and hoping you will give me the opportunity to return the same in my own church, I close by saying, I am at your service to help you in the attainment of anything the Great Teacher desires you to have."

The most enthusiastic applause followed this very wise and brotherly address. It was a revelation. They had not heard such teaching. Their minds had been poisoned with misapprehension and prejudice respecting clergymen and the Church. They would see more of this man, and investigate his methods. Sunday afternoon following nearly all the members of the Club were at Oak Hall. They were delighted with the service. Mrs. McCord spoke to each personally, and urged all to come again. That night half the Club was in Dr. Goodfellow's Church. The ushers had been instructed to be on the lookout for plainly-attired men, and to give them the best seats in the house. The pastor recognized some of them, and publicly thanked them for their presence, while he discoursed on "Am I my brother's keeper?" They were so completely overwhelmed with attention—for the congregation had by this time thoroughly imbibed the

A SOCIALIST CLUB DISBANDED.

sympathy and enthusiasm of their pastor—that they were almost ashamed to attend again. But they did, and many of them permanently. Quite a few enlisted with Mrs. McCord, and became her most successful assistants. *In six months the Club was disbanded.*

XXIX.

MISS JOSEPHINE AND HER MOTHER AT THE OAK HALL MEETING.

Mrs. McCord's great work was constantly growing on her hands. She had established "Mothers' Meetings" and "Girls' Meetings" for instruction and mutual counsel, which she attended herself as far as possible. But by this time the movement had assumed such proportions that she was obliged to call for assistants. The response was prompt. The movement was now popular.

Miss Josephine had shown her lack of sympathy in her mother's work, even to the extent of protesting against her decline of interest in high social affairs. But at the last meeting in Oak Hall, much to her surprise and gratification, Josephine expressed a desire to accompany her mother. The meeting was of the usual character. Besides Mrs. McCord, the speakers were Father Martini, the Unknown Man, and Edward Sherman, the young American who first heard the Unknown Man in the Diamond Saloon, and was

THE OAK HALL MEETING.

thereby led to a better life. By this time the newsboys of the district had been organized into a chorus choir and well drilled in singing. They were present on this occasion, and added much to the interest by their music. Ole Olson had developed unusual vocal power, and sang a beautiful solo entitled "Give the Poor Boy a Chance." Father Martini was a speaker of superior ability, and thrilled the audience with his eloquent address. Since his late correspondence with his bishop, he seems to have thrown the love of his large heart into the work deeper than ever. The few words of Edward Sherman were tender and pathetic. The Master seems to be fitting him for larger usefulness. The audience was strangely moved while he spoke. The newboys' choir sang the "Calling of the Roll up There," which melted many to tears. Miss Josephine listened with evident interest. Indeed, she was seen brushing the silent tear from her eye while the boys were singing. But she was most deeply moved when the Unknown Man spoke. As was often his custom, he rose just before the close of the meeting, and said:

"For the Word of God is quick and power-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

ful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do. . . . Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight. . . . I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live. . . . Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

As these words fell from the lips of the strange speaker, a deathlike stillness prevailed. Whether intentional or not, he held his eyes steadily on the eyes of Miss Josephine while he spoke. She was most deeply affected. Her face alternately flushed and paled. She could not remove her

THE OAK HALL MEETING.

gaze from the speaker. She visibly moved in her seat. She dropped her fan, then her handkerchief. At last she buried her face in her hands, and found relief in a flood of tears. On the way home not a word passed between her and her mother. She went straight to her room and locked the door. She declined all refreshments. She had entered upon a great battle with intellectual pride and excessive worldly-mindedness on one side, and divine light and conscience and duty on the other. She would never leave her room until the issue was settled. She never closed her eyes in sleep during the night. The battle raged until after the midnight hour, and on toward the morning. Her mother could not sleep. Every little while she would slip quietly along the hall to the room door, only to hear subdued sobs and the voice of quiet prayer. The contest intensified. It was victory or death. Physical energy was failing. The world was receding. She thought she must be dying. She fell helplessly on the bed, crying: "My strength is gone; I can hold out no longer; I yield, I yield. O, Man of Nazareth, have your way!" She lay quiet and calm for a minute or two. Just as the first rays of the morn-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

ing sun were tipping the church-spires with golden hues, and stealing silently through the open window, her mother, passing through the hall, heard a sweet, tender voice, in low tones, softly singing:

“I’ll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
O’er mountain, or plain, or sea;
I’ll say what you want me to say, dear Lord;
I’ll be what you want me to be.”

As, after a night of storm at sea, when the winds sweep over the face of the deep like fiery steeds, and the waves meet and leap upright like angry animals in deadly strife; when the vessel is tossed hither and thither like a child’s toy-boat; when the clouds are so dark and heavy that the ship touches the horizon at every plunge,—the gray dawn of the new day appears; the unbridled steeds of the storm fly away in retreat; the angry waves are hushed into quietness; a hazy cloud stretches like a curtain athwart the distant eastern sky; red streaks of light begin to pierce the cloud, sure token of the near approach of the king of day; a few minutes more, and the upper rim of a massive ball of fire, brilliant in beauty and clothed in kingly splendor, gracefully, like a thing of life, lifts itself up from the depths of the sea, as it were, tinging

THE OAK HALL MEETING.

the hilltops with golden crowns and spreading waves of light o'er field and plain, while the swelling sea, far as mortal eye can scan, reflects its dazzling colors,—and the sun is up, and peaceful calm prevails o'er sea and land. So was the calm, and quiet, and peace that settled in the breast of Josephine, when she emerged from the storm of that night, to appear with the family at the breakfast-table. Her face had a tired look, but it was wreathed in smiles of more than usual beauty. She simply said, "Good-morning to all," and after a moment added: "It's done, mother. Henceforth I will be your assistant in your divine work, if you think me qualified for such service." Her mother and father expressed their great delight at her decision, not knowing fully the struggle through which she had passed.

In the ecstasy of her new experience, Josephine's first impulse was to write Dr. Goodfellow; but, upon second thought, it occurred to her that her motive might be misunderstood and her sincerity compromised. So she determined to say nothing to him about the change; he would doubtless soon discover it for himself, and introduce the subject.

XXX.

JOSIAH WORTHINGTON'S HAY-RIGGING.

IN the afternoon of this day a country wagon, with a hay-rigging on it, was driven to the front of the McCord residence, and the horses were tied to the hitching-post. The driver, with a small basket in hand, walked to the front door and knocked. He might have touched the electric button, but perhaps did not know its use. The servant conducted him to the parlor, upon his statement that he would "like to see the woman of the house." When Mrs. McCord entered, she at once recognized him as the farmer who often attended the Oak Hall meetings. "My name," he said "is Josiah Worthington, from Koonsocket Holler. I was fetchin' in a load of hay this mornin', and my old woman she tuck a notion she would like you to have a taste of pure butter and fresh eggs, seein' thar's so much mixin' up of milk and things in town butter, and so much onsartanty about incubatin' and cold storagin' of eggs; so she would have me fetch along some of the real simon-pure article. I

JOSIAH WORTHINGTON'S VISIT.

know this butter air pure, for I tuck the milk that made it from our mooly cow all myself, and Mary Elizabeth she churned it with her own hands. And I'll swear by the Good Book that these eggs air fresh, for I gathered them myself, before the hens that laid them were done a-cacklin'. Yes, the Worthingtons have always been great on fresh eggs and pure butter."

"It was certainly very kind in you and your wife, Mr. Worthington, to remember us in this way. I am sure we will enjoy the eggs and butter; and I will be glad to pay you more than the market price for them," said Mrs. McCord as she received the basket.

"Wall, I reckon you won't pay me nothin'. The Good Book says, Give, and it shall be given to you ag'in, good measure, pressed down and runnin' over. That's pay enough for me. I never lost nothin' yet by bein' open-handed," said the farmer.

"Well, you are certainly very kind," added Mrs. McCord.

Josiah was somewhat of a neighborhood gossip. He had constituted himself a kind of general-intelligence office for the natives of the Koon-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

socket region. He would have made a first-class newspaper reporter if he had been taken in hand early in life. It was his delight to have a dozen boys and men listen to him retail the latest gossip about affairs in city and country. The real object of his visit to Mrs. McCord was to lay in a new supply of intelligence for use among his neighbors.

"I hearn tell that your husband is puttin' up a powerful big lot of buildin's for the the use of the poor people in the 'Wicked Ward.' I allers know'd he was a mighty liberal man. About how much cash does he expect to lay out in the ondertakin', Mrs. McCord?"

"My husband, with some others, are planning some very good things for the poor people of that ward."

"Wall, Mrs. McCord, you have been a-doin' a power of good in the Oak Hall meetin's." And then Josiah waxed eloquent. "I kalkerlate that the spring which you have opened in that desert-place will flow on an' on, an' still on an' on, until it can't run any further. And, for your encouragement, I will say that I myself have been powerfully stirred up. And when you get a Worthing-

JOSIAH WORTHINGTON'S VISIT.

ton started on the right road, you've did a big thing, for they are all as tough as hick-ry bark, and as slippery as a peeled pole, and as stubborn as a mooly cow. I've been a-thinkin' of jinin' your Church, if you'd take me in. I hearn say that since you built the new house you tuck in all kinds. It's only nine miles from Koonsocket Holler to the city, and me and Mary Elizabeth could cum' to church in the mornin's arter milking the cows, and take dinner with some of the members, and get hum before milkin' time in the evenin'. What do you think about it, Mrs. McCord?"

"That is a matter that belongs entirely to the pastor and his official advisers. You had better see him," suggested Mrs. McCord.

"Wall, I think I'll drive on toward hum before it gets dark, as I want to get by the ha'nted place in the Holler before the sun goes down. You know'd, I suppose, that thar's a black man often seed thar without a head, and when he gets arter a feller he just runs him to death. He does a powerful sight of good, howsumever; for the farmers that travel by that road are always hum before dark, and sober, too. I'll take the

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

basket, if you please, Mrs. McCord. Let me know how you liked the butter and eggs. I'll say good-bye till I see you ag'in."

As Josiah rose to depart, he caught a glimpse of the fine painting of John the Baptist, and proceeded to remark, by way of inquiry: "I reckon that's a picter of some of your kin-folks on the men's side? Might be your grandfather? Must have kum west in an airly day when clothes was scearce and dear? Looks as if he'd been a-huntin' 'coons and 'possums, and left the game in the woods."

"That is a painting of John the Baptist," observed Mrs. McCord, as she walked toward the door.

"John the Baptist!" exclaimed Josiah. "Wall, I allers tho't them thar Baptist naibors of mine was a sing'lar kind of people, and I'm rail glad to see the old kurmudgon out of which they evolverated."

As he advanced toward the open door, he passed that other great work of art, Jacob's vision of the angels ascending and descending the ladder, when he wisely observed:

"I wonder if them fellers is a-tryin' to build

JOSIAH WORTHINGTON'S VISIT.

a haystack with that ladder? Looks as if they was a-gittin' up pretty high in the world. Must be mighty hot weather whar they 're a-harvestin', for they seem to have on powerful thin like harness. Would n't be surprised if they 'd get wet before night, for it looks kind er cloudy over thair heads."

Mrs. McCord smiled at the old farmer's innocent criticisms, and politely bade him good-bye.

Unfortunately, Josiah was late starting home. Consequently, darkness had appeared by the time he reached the supposed haunted place on the road. Many extravagant stories were abroad concerning the headless man; but no one could testify to having seen him, though many had seen what they imagined to be this "bogy-man." Josiah, of course, was on the lookout as he approached the dreaded place. A forest of heavy growth was on one side of the road, and an open field on the other, with a fence running close to the road. The night was ominously still; not a leaf was stirring. The voice of a whip-poor-will could be heard in the distance; the occasional hooting of a pair of night-owls relieved the monotony, but added to the awesomeness of the

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

place. The noise of the wagon and the trotting of the horses could be distinctly heard a mile away. An occasional cloud concealed the twinkling stars. The full moon had completed a quarter of her circuit, casting irregular shadows of the tall trees across the road and over into the field. The trunk of a burned tree, twelve feet high, stood just inside the fence, projecting six feet above the fence. By a very slight stretch of the imagination it resembled the upper half of the body of a black man, minus the head, standing on the fence, when seen in the dark. When Josiah caught a glimpse of this object, his superstitious fears already wrought up to a high pitch, he at once concluded it was the headless man. He was already driving at a fast speed and whistling as if going by a graveyard; but he brought his whip to the backs of his horses with such suddenness and power that they sprang into a gallop. As he glanced to the upper side of the road, the shadows of the trees were flying by like a troop of black phantoms dancing to the music of the rattling wagon. The rapid speed of the horses, with the frequent hiding of the moon by passing clouds, made the shadows come

JOSIAH WORTHINGTON'S VISIT.

and go with bewildering quickness. One was scarcely gone until another took its place. So every time he looked aside he saw what seemed to him to be that big, black, headless man keeping pace with him. The faster he drove, the faster it went. Though the shadows were constantly retreating, they were just as constantly coming, and in his fright he did not know which way they were going. The stretch of road by the forest was only a half mile long; so he was soon beyond the shadows, and the ghost disappeared. When he reached home, out of breath and pale, his wife said to him:

"Why, Josiah! What's the matter with you? You look skeert!"

"I am skeert, powerful skeert."

"Why, what in the world has happened? Did the horses run away with you?" as she wiped the perspiration from his face.

"No, dang it all, they did n't run fast enough." Then in a solemn tone he added, "Mary Elizabeth, I've seen the devil!"

This announcement brought from his wife a hysterical scream, and she ran for the camphor-bottle and applied it to Josiah.

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

"Yes," continued the alarmed man, "that infernal black nigger without a head chased me clear through the ha'nted road, and nearly had his hands on me several times. If the whipple-tree had broke or the harness gi'n way, you would have been a widder, Mary Elizabeth Worthington, by this time. I've driv' my last lode of hay to Chattahooche. I'll find another market if I do n't get as much for it. Mary Elizabeth, I've decided to jine the Church. I've been puttin' it off too long. I told Mrs. McCord that I thought I would jine her Church, but I've changed my mind. It's too far to the city. Besides, I do n't want to go to meetin' over a road where the devil has a toll-gate and scares a feller nearly to death if he is a little late comin' home."

This episode was the end of Josiah's attendance at the Oak Hall meetings.

XXXI.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN BUD AND JENNIE.

FOR the last year Dr. Goodfellow had devoted considerable attention to the instruction of Bud. Soon after he entered the service of Mr. McCord, he began to attend the Sunday-school of the "Church of the New Humanity." His development in religious knowledge was as marked as in other respects, and it was not long until he was received into the fellowship of the Church. Dr. Goodfellow saw in him the elements of a useful man in evangelistic work, and directed his reading and study accordingly, granting him the free use of his library. For the last year he had heard his recitations in Greek and Hebrew, and in the study of the English Bible. At a recent meeting at Oak Hall, the announcement that Bud, the former newsboy, would speak, crowded the place to overflowing. Mr. McCord, after consultation with his pastor, decided to furnish the means to support him a year or two in a Bible-school, in order to his preparation for work in

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

connection with the new movement in the "Wicked Ward" of Chattahooche. Bud was glad and grateful for the opportunity, for as he began to unfold into young manhood he found his heart inclining to that kind of work, and to that field.

Mrs. Sidney Patterson's aversion to anything like intimacy between Bud and Jennie became more pronounced as they grew in years. She succeeded in prevailing upon her husband to consent to sending Jennie away to school, hoping that distance and separation would work forgetfulness of youthful fancies. Without any thought of concealment, Bud and Jennie met frequently at Sunday-school and church, and at Mr. McCord's house. At their last meeting Bud said:

"And you are going away off to school, I understand, Jennie. Well, I am glad you are to have an education; but it will be mighty lonesome when you are gone. It kind of makes me feel like doing better and being somebody every time I see you and hear you talk. You always encourage me so much, Jennie."

"Well, I feel sorry, too, Bud; but I'll be home at vacation, and you can see me then. And

AN INTERVIEW.

I'll write you and let you know how I'm getting along," said Jennie.

"I do n't think your mamma will like that very well, for she do n't seem pleased to have me around as you do," answered Bud.

"You must not mind about mamma. She will be all right when she sees what a nice, good man you are going to be. Papa likes you, and believes in you. He says you will be one of the big men of the city some day; and papa knows," rejoined Jennie.

"You make me feel so queer, Jennie, when you talk that way. Every time I meet you it seems as if I had grown an inch taller. You are just a precious little jewel," declared Bud. "Did you know I was going to school, too? Yes, Mr. McCord told me last night that he would pay my expenses for two years if I would attend a Bible-school, and study and prepare for an evangelist among the poor, and I am to start in a week."

Jennie clapped her hands and cried, "O, goody, goody! won't that be nice! And when we come home from school, Bud, may be that house will be ready that we are going to live in."

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

“Now, Jennie, you are joking again. You know I am poor and have no money to buy a house with. When you graduate and return home, some big rich man will want you to live in his fine house,” suggested Bud, somewhat sadly.

“Do n’t you trouble yourself about that, Bud. When we are ready the house will be ready. Papa told me something the other day,” said Jennie, with a knowing air, as her eyes fell to the ground.

By this time they had reached the corner nearest Jennie’s home, and Bud said: “I suppose I’ll not see you again, Jennie; so I’ll say good-bye. Do n’t you forget to write me.” And he took both her hands into his, and stood looking straight into her beautiful face, while a silent tear pushed itself out from the corner of his eye. Jennie also looked into his face. Neither spoke for a moment, when Bud, with downcast eyes, asked, “Shall I, Jennie?”

She modestly answered, “If you like.”

Jennie ran to the gate and into the house, and stood at the parlor-window, while she watched Bud as he walked briskly homeward. She wondered to herself why she should feel such interest

AN INTERVIEW.

in that unknown newsboy, so far beneath her social rank? Why should she be anxious about his future? Was her destiny in some way being woven into his? Did the future hold anything in common for them? Perhaps her mother was right in her opposition to their intimacy, of which she had become aware.

As Bud disappeared from her sight, mingling with the people on the crowded street, similar thoughts flitted through his mind. But how could he expect that Jennie's family and friends should ever approve anything like a union of their lives? he inquired of himself. The social distance between them seemed too great to be bridged. He could and would prove himself worthy of Jennie in character and attainments; but he was poor, and she was rich.

They are both in the hands of a Power that will order all things for their good, if they hold themselves in right relation to him. So we shall see what we shall see.

A few days later, and Jennie was off to school. After she had departed, her mother thought to herself:

"I hope, now, there will be an end of this

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

childish talk of Jennie about living with Bud. The idea that my dear girl should ever marry a man who has been a newsboy, and who is so poor that he must accept the charity of others to secure an education! No, no; there is something better for my Jennie. No matter what her father says, I'm her mother, and I'll see that they do n't meet again. I owe it to my only daughter to help her secure a husband, when the time comes, who is her equal in social life and wealth. She will soon forget all about this newsboy when she settles down to her work in school."

XXXII.

BUD AND JENNIE AT SCHOOL.

IN a week, both Jennie and Bud were nicely established in their respective schools, two hundred miles apart. The first few days were spent in preliminary examinations and in deciding upon their course of study. Everything was so novel and interesting that their minds were thoroughly occupied. They had no time to think of home or of each other. Finally, they found stealing upon them the first mild attack of that peculiar sense of loneliness generally diagnosed as "homesickness." Jennie remembered her promise to write to Bud, and he was anxiously watching the arrival of every mail. Jennie was embarrassed by a letter she had received from her mother, which contained, among other things, the following advice:

"DEAR DAUGHTER JENNIE,—You are by this time, doubtless, fairly under way in your studies and settled in your new home. I hope you are happy, and that you will advance rapidly. Nothing will please your mother so much as to have her darling graduate with honor, and return home

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

a finely-educated and matured young lady. Nothing that love and money can secure will be spared to help you.

"Now, Jennie darling, mother must advise you a little in a matter of importance. I know how kindly you feel toward Bud. This is natural, in view of his finding you and bringing you home after you were lost in the great fire. We all have an interest in the poor boy, and are pleased to see how he has improved since he has been with Mr. McCord. And we are glad he is to be educated for an evangelist to the poor, among whom he was born and reared. But, dear, you must not get yourself mixed up with his life and work. He belongs to a different class from you. He is poor. He is a charity student at school. You are rich, and belong to the highest social rank. You have nothing in common with the poor boy. All our ambitions and plans point in a different direction for you. You will soon be a young lady. Hold your head high. Seek your friends and associations among the people where you belong. Still think kindly of the poor newsboy, but leave him out of all your desires and plans for the future. Do n't get your pure young heart involved in any way. Give your undivided attention to your studies. After graduation, all possible questions of the future can be settled. Lovingly,

"MOTHER."

BUD AND JENNIE AT SCHOOL.

This letter was a continuation of the policy of Mrs. Patterson to break off the intimacy between Bud and Jennie, and foreclose the possibility of any future coming together of their young lives. She had written it without the knowledge of her husband. He was not disturbed, as she was, concerning future possibilities. She had determined to direct Jennie's life according to her own views and ambitions in social matters, without his concurrence or knowledge.

Jennie's sense of gratitude obscured her vision of Bud's humble origin and poverty. She had not yet reached the age where her pride was inflated with a feeling of social superiority. Indeed, her nature was not of that stamp. Open-hearted and entirely innocent of the conventional distinctions of life, she needed discipline and twisting before she could believe and feel as did her aristocratic mother. Indeed, she had heard Mrs. McCord and Dr. Goodfellow speak so often about the "poor being God's people," that she had come to regard it as an honor to be connected with them. Bud was, therefore, the more interesting to her because he was "poor." And when her mother in her letter said, "We all have an interest in the

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

poor boy," the effect was entirely different from what Mrs. Patterson intended. But the letter annoyed Jennie. It was a cloud over her young life just at a time when she was filled with holiest inspirations and brightest hopes. She did not want to go contrary to her mother's wishes, but such haughty distinctions were repugnant to her sympathetic nature, aside from the personal interest she felt in Bud. Unknown to her mother, Mrs. McCord had become a model in character and work to the young girl. What should she do? She had promised Bud to write before she had received her mother's letter. Bud should know all, and her father should know all. So the next mail carried this epistle:

"DEAR GEORGE,—I reached the school in due season, after leaving home. I was most kindly received, and assigned my place in the classes. I like my teachers very much, and also my school-mates. I am getting along very well in my studies. I have been so busy that I have scarcely had time to fulfill my promise to write you. And now, as I begin this letter, I am afraid you will think I am violating the rules of propriety in writing you first. Ought not you to have written me first? I did not think of this when I promised.

BUD AND JENNIE AT SCHOOL.

You will forgive me, will you not, if I have been guilty of indiscretion? My feeling toward you seems like that of a sister for a brother. I am sure no sister could be more interested in a brother than I am in you.

"Now, George, I will be entirely frank with you and tell you all. My mother, as you know, is not pleased with what she calls the "intimacy" between us. I hardly know what she means. But I think she is afraid that we might fall in love with each other, and she wants to prevent that. I know my papa does n't feel that way. I do not want to disappoint my mother, or do anything against her desire. But, George, I do not know why, but somehow I feel that our lives are to run together, and that we are to do a great work for Him. I am sorry that mother thinks as she does. What shall I do? Maybe you can help me. I will ask the dear Savior, to whom we consecrated our lives when we united with the Church, to guide me and save me from doing anything wrong. I will always be happy to hear from you.

"JENNIE."

— Though in her familiar intercourse with Bud she always addressed him by the nickname that the newsboys gave him, yet in her letter she thought this was scarcely dignified enough, and

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

so she wrote "George." When Bud received this letter he was both pleased and worried—pleased to hear from Jennie, and to know that her interest in him had not changed; worried at the attitude of her mother, with her persistent hostility toward him. He read the letter several times, and, after praying for light, wrote this reply:

"DEAR JENNIE,—I was delighted to receive your letter. I had waited patiently for weeks, and was wondering if you had forgotten your promise. My little friend, do not think for a moment that you have transcended any rule of propriety in writing me 'first.' The social distance between us would forbid my writing you 'first.'

"I can understand why your mother feels as she does. I am only a poor boy, while you are the daughter of rich parents. It is natural that your mother should desire for you friends and associations of the higher social walks. But we are young yet, Jennie. A few years may work surprising changes. I shall be greatly disappointed if I do not prove myself worthy of you, if a kind Providence should point in that direction. You have always been a 'good angel' to me. Your trusting look has always been an inspiration. Your good words of encouragement have always evoked the best elements of my nature. Your purity and innocence of character have always

BUD AND JENNIE AT SCHOOL.

banished unworthy thoughts. Association with you, even for only a few moments, has always made me feel more like being a good man. If an unkind fate should prevent the consummation of our youthful desires and ambitions, I shall always be a better man, and do better service for the world, because of my acquaintance with you, my little jewel.

"So let us go on and complete our education for our life work. Be assured that I shall never do anything of which your mother will be ashamed. Some time she may come to see that there are some things more valuable than riches or high social position. Some day she may be as proud of me as I now am, and always have been, of you. We can afford to bide our time.

"Your letters will always be to me like refreshing water in a hot desert. I have but few friends besides my mother and you. So favor me all you can.

"I am happy in my studies, and will make the best possible use of my time while here. With assurances of never-failing esteem and interest for my 'good angel,' I am,

"Yours for all that is good and true,

"GEORGE."

This correspondence started Bud and Jennie in their school life with a satisfactory understand-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

ing. Occasional letters passed between them as the school years fled. Bud developed unusual ability as a public speaker, and was in frequent demand. Jennie's beauty of person solidified and matured, while her mental development was far above the average.

XXXIII.

DR. GOODFELLOW AND MISS JOSEPHINE McCORD.

TWO WEEKS had passed since the last visit of Dr. Goodfellow to the McCord residence. It was Monday evening. He had heard during the day that Miss Josephine had taken part in the Oak Hall meeting by singing a solo. She had a sweet voice, which had been highly cultivated, and her singing was a great delight to the people, the more so as they understood she was the daughter of the lady who was now recognized as a mother to them all. Dr. Goodfellow had not heard of the change that had taken place in Josephine's mind and life. But he could see, by her manner and countenance, that something had occurred. When they met this evening he expressed his pleasure at seeing her again. He was especially gratified to learn that she had decided to co-operate with her mother in her work. He ventured to inquire how it had come about. He had understood that she was not in sympathy with her mother's plans; that

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

indeed her views on some vital religious points were quite unsettled, which had been to him a cause of no little pain. "Could it be possible," he inquired, "that you have changed your sentiments, and therefore the current of your life, Miss Josephine?"

"Have you not heard?" inquired Miss McCord.

"Nothing whatever," answered the pastor.

Miss Josephine then related her experience, which was most gratifying to Dr. Goodfellow. The whole atmosphere of the room seemed changed to him. He saw and felt that in Church matters they were now in perfect accord. He wondered if it would be wise to raise other questions. He could see no reason why he might not advance further. From his standpoint all difficulties were out of his way. He would give a good deal to know all difficulties were out of her way. He knew no means of ascertaining but to inquire. But how to get at it, was the question. Finally he remarked, "That was an interesting conversation we had about Napoleon's matrimonial affairs, and about Victoria proposing marriage to Prince Albert."

"Very interesting, indeed," responded Miss

DR. GOODFELLOW AND JOSEPHINE.

Josephine. "I was sorry it was ended so abruptly by my unwise suggestion that you might abandon your calling as a minister, and engage exclusively in literary and scientific pursuits. I owe you an apology for my impertinence, and beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness. If I had waited a little while, I never could have made such a remark."

The doctor's face brightened perceptibly, and he began to feel much more at ease. Then he proceeded in a pleasant way: "I am not a Catholic priest, Miss Josephine, but it is a pleasure to absolve you. I suppose persons in our peculiar state of mind are likely to think many things that they do not express. I sometimes wish I had a private telephone to communicate with you; I might then have courage to say what I would like to have you know. You remember I suggested that the royal ladies had a privilege accorded them which must be a relief to modest men."

"Pardon me, Doctor, but I hardly think I understand just what you mean?" queried Miss Josephine.

"Well," said the pastor, as he changed position in his chair, and relieved the irritation in

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

his throat, "this is about what I would like to say: I am a single man of marriageable age, and it is about time for me to be seeking a suitable companion in my life work."

Miss McCord looked sideways a little, and with apparent unconcern remarked: "Yes, I think it very proper you should have a companion in your work; it would no doubt add to your already large influence for good. I am sure you would furnish a happy home for her."

Dr. Goodfellow girded himself for a heroic effort, and made another advanced movement: "Now, Miss Josephine, I might as well be honest with you, and acknowledge that Cupid's arrow hath pierced my heart, and that it lies wounded and fluttering at your feet. It is within your power to heal the wound and make me one of the happiest men on earth. And I further say that I gladly tender you my hand with my heart, with the hope that you will accept both, and unite your destiny with mine;" and he drew a deep inspiration, and thought to himself, "Now it's done, thank my stars!"

Miss Josephine's face flushed, and she dropped her head until her chin almost touched her bosom,

DR. GOODFELLOW AND JOSEPHINE.

which was heaving with emotion. Then, after a moment's pause, with some tremor in her voice, she replied:

"You quite surprise me, Doctor. While I as frankly admit that Cupid has been doing a similar work in my heart, and while I feel greatly honored by this expression of your appreciation and love, yet in a matter of such vital importance I think I ought to have a little more time for consideration. Perhaps when you call again I can give you an answer. You will grant it, won't you?"

"I will grant anything you desire, my love—may I not say it now?—but I hope you will abbreviate the time as much as possible. It must be evident to you that I am in a state of more than ordinary agitation just now, and that the suspense will be painful," admitted the pastor, with an expression of much anxiety on his face.

When the doctor was about to take his leave that evening he very delicately suggested that there was a sign and seal of love, recognized the world over, divine in its origin, though sometimes prostituted to the uses of betrayal and other wicked ends, a recognition of which seemed to him proper at this stage of their acquaintance;

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

and if Miss Josephine would accede to the proposition, it would be to him an unspeakable delight to bestow this sign upon her, and thus far seal their love. She did not object.

The further details of this interesting romance are left entirely to the parties most concerned. Both had passed the period of youthful adolescence and the immaturity of young manhood and womanhood, and were therefore entirely competent to adjust matters connubial.

Six months have passed. The Church has advanced Dr. Goodfellow's salary two thousand dollars a year, and granted him a four months' vacation for a trip abroad. Cards had been sent out that Dr. and Mrs. Goodfellow would be "at home for all friends on and after August first." The happy couple had secured passage on one of the finest liners of the Atlantic, and left New York on the tenth of April for an extensive tour through England and the Continent. A small company of friends stood on the dock, and watched the splendid steamer as she slowly moved down the bay toward Sandy Hook, and on out over the face of the mighty deep toward the Old World, carrying at least two happy souls.

XXXIV.

BUD'S MASTERLY ADDRESS.

BUD has completed his two years in the Bible Institute, and has spent one year in the special study of social, economic, and industrial science. He is now at home on a short vacation, before going abroad to investigate the methods of helping the poor in the large cities of the Old World. He was invited to speak in the "Church of the New Humanity." The announcement of this fact in the daily press, together with a brief sketch of the remarkable career of the young man, and his splendid ability as a public speaker, drew a congregation that packed the house from chancel to door. Many of them were poor people from the "Wicked Ward." Two hundred newsboys occupied the front seats. All the members of the Socialist Club were present. When Bud entered the door and first beheld the great congregation his face slightly paled and his heart fluttered a little. As he slowly walked down the aisle, a

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

middle-aged lady, in plain but neat attire, was leaning on his arm. There was a general buzz and stir among the anxiously-waiting people. All eyes were soon fixed upon him, not the least interested of which was a young lady who sat by the side of Mrs. Sidney Patterson, slightly blushing and fanning herself with more than usual animation. Mr. Beverly McCord arose as they approached the end of his pew and most courteously conducted Bud's mother to a seat by the side of Mrs. McCord. As Bud passed the newsboys, they could not repress their admiration, which they expressed in an undertone, in such ejaculations as—

"He 's a daisy! Pass 'im up!"

"Look at dem gleamers! He 's no spring chick."

"Gee, could n't he make de evenin' *Rip-Rap* flop 'er wings, and swipe de spondulics!"

"Say, Skinny, is he one of dem gospilers dat shoots off his mouf at de Oak Hall?"

"Naw, he 's no gospiler; he 's just er man. He would n't hurt nobody nor nuffin'."

"I 'll bet he 'll make er buzz when dat organ-grinder starts de macheen up dare. Youse kids

BUD'S MASTERLY ADDRESS.

better look out for youse pates; kase why, de bullets 'll be a-flyin' tru de air purty soon."

When he mounted the platform and announced his theme, he looked into the faces of the largest and most interested congregation that had ever crowded that wealthy church. The audience, also, gazed into a face the like of which they had never seen in that pulpit before, not excepting even their own pastor. George Buddington was now nearing his majority in years. He was above medium size and remarkably well developed. His countenance was open and frank, while his great brown eyes scanned the expectant multitude before him with masterful repose. He caught one eye that glistened like the morning star, and the breath of a great inspiration touched him as he read its loving, eloquent message. His voice was deep-toned, but sonorous and sympathetic, completely filling the vast auditorium. It had been thoroughly trained in the art of expression, but was singularly free from all affectation and tricks of speech. His action corresponded with his voice, and fitted perfectly the brilliant thoughts he enunciated, clothed as they were in beautiful and forceful language. True

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

art is not mechanical, but consists in saying the right thing in the best way. His text was, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich." His theme was the "Humiliation of Christ in Order to the Enrichment of the World." It would be impossible to follow the discourse in this record. Suffice it to say that for nearly an hour he held the vast audience spellbound. At times, during his significant pauses, as he cast his penetrating eyes over the audience, the deep breathing of the people could be distinctly heard. At other times nearly three thousand persons were swayed, as by a hurricane, following one of his masterly flights, when a great wave of sympathy swept over them, leaving nearly everybody to the welcome relief of tears—newsboys, socialists, and all. Thus he held, and stirred, and molded, and thrilled his hearers, while he poured the hot truth of God into their hearts. In his final appeal to the people to consecrate their lives and their money to the uplifting of the poor, and thus prove their discipleship to the Christ, his eloquence was unsurpassed, exciting alike the wonder and ad-

BUD'S MASTERLY ADDRESS.

miration of all. When he sat down the great audience did the unusual thing of breaking out into applause by clapping their hands. The organist and the choir struck up the familiar hymn, "Rescue the Perishing," while the people wept and sang, and sang and wept. Bud passed quickly down the aisle to where his dear old mother was sitting, and leaning over in front of Mr. McCord, kissed her on the forehead, while she shook with uncontrollable emotion. Immediately everybody who saw this filial act was crying and laughing. As he returned to the chancel he noticed a sweet, familiar face in Mr. Patterson's pew, as pretty a flower as ever blushed with love and joy, all wreathed in smiles, while the dew-drops sparkled in her lustrous eyes. He bowed a graceful recognition, and returned the smile. She said, "*Mother, what do you think of the charity student now?*" Mrs. Patterson answered not a word, but buried her face in her handkerchief. Bud had conquered.

— After hundreds had shaken the hands of the young man, and congratulated him on the wonderful effort of the morning, the great audience slowly dispersed, many looking back, as they ap-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

proached the doors, to catch a final glimpse of the smiling face of the young prophet. The address was published in full in several of the Monday morning papers, with unstinted praise of the young evangelist. George Buddington, formerly Bud, the newsboy, was the most generally-discussed person in the city for the next few days. One editor devoted his leading editorial to an appreciative review of the work of Mrs. McCord, presenting Bud as an illustration.

In two weeks Bud was off on a tour of the great cities of England and the Continent, in quest of such information as would qualify him for his life work. The next we hear from him is in the following letter to Jennie:

“LONDON, ———.

“DEAR JENNIE,—After a most delightful vacation in Chattahooche, I took passage at New York for Liverpool on the fine steamer *City of Rome*, of the Anchor Line. In the main we had a charming trip across the Atlantic. We were favored with the usual spectacle of whales, icebergs, and other curiosities of the great sea, not excepting inability, part of the time, to be at our place at meals. An exciting incident occurred Sunday morning. During the preceding night

BUD'S MASTERLY ADDRESS.

the path of the vessel was enveloped by a heavy fog. When a few miles from the Irish coast the steamer struck the old Fastnet Rock Light-house. It was just as the day was dawning, and nearly all the passengers were in their staterooms. Indescribable excitement, confusion, and alarm prevailed for a little while, for many supposed she would sink to the bottom of the sea; but in a marvelously short time the great engines were reversed, and the ship was off the rock and steaming into the mouth of the Irish Sea. When she was put on the docks for repair at Liverpool, it was found that an opening had been made in the hull twenty-four feet long and four feet wide. The modern construction of ocean steamers, by which the hull is divided into different compartments by strong bulkheads, saved us from a terrible catastrophe.

"This is a wonderful city. Here the 'ends of the earth' literally come together. I can only mention some of the places visited. Greenwich Observatory; the Tower; Houses of Parliament, where I heard Gladstone; Westminster Abbey; British Museum; London Bridge; Trafalgar Square. It has been my pleasure to hear the celebrated preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon, and also the almost equally-celebrated Dr. Joseph Parker, of the Temple Church.

"But, of course, what interests me most is the

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

work among the poor, which I came abroad to study. I have had a delightful interview with Hugh Price Hughes, and heard from his own lips a most interesting report of the great movement at St. James Hall, of which he is the head, assisted by Mark Guy Pearse and others. Here is where General Booth began his wonderful work for the relief of the very lowest, and here are the headquarters of the Salvation Army.

“From London I go to Paris, to look into the remarkable movement introduced by Mr. McAll, and that equally successful work carried on by Miss De Bruen. Thence to Rome and other cities in Italy. Also Vienna and Berlin. Returning then to England, I shall visit Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and other cities, where so much is being done for the improvement of the masses.

“I can not describe to you, dear Jennie, the pleasure of what I see and hear. Everything is so new, and yet so old. But mixed with it all is a sense of regret, and that is that you are not with me to share my happiness.

“How glad I am to know that you are doing so well in your studies! It will only be a few months now until the day of your graduation will be at hand. I hope to be home by that time, and to be a happy witness of the interesting exercises.

“It is a great satisfaction to me to hear that

BUD'S MASTERLY ADDRESS.

your mother's unfriendly feeling towards me is abating some. Next to pleasing you, my 'good angel,' is my desire to please her. I sincerely hope and pray that when the time shall arrive for us to take up our lifework together, we may have her approval and benediction as well as your father's. We are in the hands of Him who numbers the hairs of our heads, and I am sure that in the end all will be right. London, care Bank of England, is my address.

"Unfailingly yours,

"GEORGE BUDDINGTON."

XXXV.

DEDICATION OF THE PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

WHEN the pastor of the new Church and his happy bride returned from their wedding-tour abroad, the main building for the promotion of the work in the "Wicked Ward" had been completed, and was ready for dedication. The occasion was one of much more than ordinary importance. The people had been looking forward to it with happy anticipation. It was their temple, erected for and devoted to their welfare. They had been saving their money for months, and supplying themselves with the best possible clothing for the occasion. When the bells chimed the hour for assembling, the streets were thronged with the best-dressed people that had ever been seen in this ward.

The day was propitious. The sky was flecked in the early morning with troops of fleecy clouds, survivals of the preceding night's shower, hurrying into the distance, that the sun's warm rays

DEDICATION OF PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

might not be obstructed. The air was mellow and slightly hazy. The leaves and flowers were clad in the richest hues of the first autumn days. The birds appeared to vie with each other as they warbled notes of joy. All nature seemed touched and stirred with sympathy for the occasion. When the hour had arrived for the service, over four thousand people were packed in the building. Nearly every denomination of the city was represented. Several prominent laymen participated. Father Martini and the Unknown Man delivered addresses, the latter, as usual, confining himself exclusively to the use of Scriptural language. The singing was done chiefly by the choir composed of the newsboys. Mrs. Dr. Goodfellow also sang a beautiful solo.

Everybody was delighted with the building. . It was a large four-story brick structure, with an auditorium on the second floor that seated four thousand persons. A sweet chime of bells hung in the tower. The fourth story was fitted up and — furnished for lodging. The third story was provided with class and club rooms for instruction in various industries, suited to the people, and for the study of music, art, elocution, domestic

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

economy, social science, sanitary conditions, and whatever else might be thought necessary for the improvement and happiness of the poorer classes. The first floor was occupied as a kindergarden and a crèche, a nursery where mothers can leave their children while out at work during the day; a free medical dispensary; a large room furnished with sewing-machines and other appliances, where sewing women and girls, working under the "sweat-shop" tyranny, can bring their fabrics and do their work in the midst of pure air and sunlight; a restaurant, where plain lunches are furnished at cost; a reading-room and library; and the offices of the building. The basement had in it two large natatoriums for the use, respectively, of women and girls, and men and boys; also a bowling-alley, gymnasium, storage-rooms, and neatly furnished toilet rooms.

The assembly hall is to be used for religious meetings, lectures, concerts, dramatic and other entertainments, gatherings for the discussion of social, industrial, sanitary, and civic questions, and all other matters pertaining to the welfare of the common people.

Over the front door of the main building, in

DEDICATION OF PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

large letters, is this inscription, which indicates its scope and purpose:

"The People's Temple.

CONSECRATED TO THE WORSHIP OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

AND TO THE

SERVICE OF MANKIND.

In the Name, and According to the Teaching, of JESUS CHRIST."

There remain yet to be erected a Resident House for the superintendent and the workers, a Deaconess Home, a Hospital, and such other buildings as may be found necessary to the successful prosecution of the work. When these are completed, which will be within the next year, the grounds will be sodded and grassed, flower-beds laid out and cultivated, shade-trees set out, and a large fountain constructed. Thus it is proposed to bring within the reach of these people everything that will inspire, uplift, and in any way contribute to their happiness. The buildings and the grounds will always be an object-lesson.

Mr. McCord and the five gentlemen associated with him will expend at least five hundred thousand dollars on the plant. An equal amount will be set apart as a reserve fund, the interest to

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

be applied by the directors, from time to time, in repairing the buildings, extending the work, and supplementing the salaries of workers and teachers. The people are to be encouraged, also, to contribute toward the support of the movement. The property has been transferred to a Board of fifteen directors, incorporated under the laws of the State, to be held and used by them under carefully-defined legal restrictions. Nine of the directors are to be taken from as many different denominations of Christians, including the Roman Catholic, each being entitled to one; three shall be prominent citizens of no Church, but well known for their interest in behalf of the poor; and three shall be taken from among the people of the ward where the institution is located, without any reference to religious affiliations.

The following interview with Mrs. Beverly McCord, which was published in the city papers, will show how the work originated and the principles governing her in its prosecution up to date:

Reporter.—“Will you state how you came to engage in this work?”

Mrs. McCord.—“By an address of my pastor,

DEDICATION OF PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

Dr. Goodfellow, delivered in a prayer-meeting, where he dwelt upon the words of the Master, 'When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they can not recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'

Q.—“What interpretation do you put upon these words as applied to the work you have been doing?”

A.—“Personal contact with the poor by the higher classes, and the improvement of their social, intellectual, and domestic condition, as a preparation for spiritual work among them. The Master first healed the body, then the soul.”

Q.—“Do you believe this method will succeed?”

A.—“It is the only method that will permanently succeed, because it is the Divine method. In my work it has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. A perfect transformation

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

has taken place in the homes and characters of thousands of the poor people of that ward."

Q.—"How have you been supported in this work?"

A.—"I have supported myself. My husband and some of his friends have erected the buildings, and made arrangements for the permanency of the work, so far as money will do it."

Q.—"Are the people to be treated entirely as objects of charity?"

A.—"Not at all. They are to be taught how to help themselves. They are expected to contribute to the support of the work. They are generally more liberal than people in better circumstances."

Q.—"Are the missionaries to live among the people?"

A.—"There are no 'missionaries.' The workers are fellow-laborers with the people, and, as far as possible, will live among them, teaching them by example how to build the home and how to live."

Q.—"Do you feel satisfied with your work so far?"

A.—"More than I can possibly express. It

DEDICATION OF PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

has been the happiest experience of my life. If I were to live a thousand years, I would spend them in this blessed work."

Q.—"Who will carry it on when you can no longer do active service?"

A.—"The Master, who began the work and has directed me so far. He will raise up the workers and put them into the field."

Q.—"Is there anything more you would like to say to the public on this subject?"

A.—"Let rich men, who are making money by thousands and millions, devote a larger part of it to the intellectual, social, sanitary, domestic, and religious improvement of the poor in the great cities. This alone will solve the problem of the relation of the upper and lower classes, and of capital and labor; this will save the cities, and the cities will save the country. What has been accomplished in the 'Wicked Ward' can be repeated anywhere under like conditions. There are fifty wealthy citizens in our country, whom I could name, who could, in a few years, make these desert-places of the great cities blossom like the rose. This will never be done by building colleges, public libraries, and art galleries. These

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

have their place and do their work, but they do not reach the sore that festers and burns in the hearts and homes of the neglected poor. Few, if any, of their children will ever rise to the plane of the college, the library, or the art gallery. Vital questions must be solved, and appalling conditions must be relieved, before these higher walks can be reached.

“What we need is more men like Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Peabody, the latter of whom, through the inspiration of the former, did so much to improve the tenement-houses of London and other cities. Lord Shaftesbury threw the power of his high social standing, together with his great wealth, into the work of helping the poor to help themselves, and has passed into history as one of the most eminent philanthropists of his day, ranking with Bright, Cobden, Wilberforce, Phillips, Ruskin, and Lincoln. For more than forty years, when Parliament rose at midnight and other members hurried to their homes, it was Shaftesbury who went into the streets of London, searching with lantern in hand, under the bridges spanning the Thames, for homeless men and women, conducting them to places of

DEDICATION OF PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

comfort, feeding and clothing them, and helping them to self-support. The London *Times* says eighty thousand poor people were aided by him.

“Men of money must not wait for the Church to move. The Church is correct in theory, but weak in practice. Judged by its numbers, wealth, social and intellectual power, it is one of the most inefficient organizations on the earth. A business that yielded no larger returns from the capital invested would and ought to go into bankruptcy. That it is doing good, no well-informed person can deny. That it could, if it would, do a hundred-fold more, is equally evident. It needs the voice of a Luther to awaken it from its apathy and lead it into this new field. While rich men, many of them Christians, are girding the globe with railroads, steamships, and telegraphs; emptying the secret chambers of the earth of their riches; robbing the forests of continents of their timber; consolidating the factories and mills of a Nation into one huge producing power; caging the wild forces of Niagara to drive the wheels of car, and factory, and shop, and plow, and reaper, and saw, and plane,—where are the men that are consolidating their money to feed the hungry, clothe

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

the naked, strengthen the weak, lift the fallen, help the helpless, increase the wages of the underpaid, shorten the hours of labor of the overworked, improve the tenements of the poor, and give every man a fair chance in the race? Where are they? The failure to find answer to this question is *the burning shame of the age!* Some day—and it may be sooner than we expect—the God of the poor will make requisition.”

The reading of this interview, as published in the daily papers, produced a profound impression, and created unexpected interest in the work of Mrs. McCord. Several strong editorials also appeared heartily commending the reform, and tendering the support of the press.

XXXVI.

DEATH OF THE UNKNOWN MAN.

It was scarcely a month after the dedication of the People's Temple when the first funeral service was held in the new building. The auditorium was packed to its utmost capacity. It was the funeral of the Unknown Man. A few days after the dedication he was taken suddenly ill. He was removed to one of the rooms in the new building, where he had the most skillful medical attention and the tenderest nursing that could be secured. Dr. Goodfellow, Mrs. McCord, and other friends were with him nearly all the time. During his sickness he communicated to Dr. Goodfellow the secret of his mysterious life. He also placed in his hands a sealed envelope not to be opened until after his death. Among the numerous beautiful utterances of his last hours were these:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. I shall be satis-

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

fied when I awake with thy likeness. He giveth his beloved sleep."

After an hour's unconsciousness, he rallied, and opening his eyes upon the friends surrounding him, repeated the twenty-third Psalm:

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me by the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

A sweet calm followed these beautiful words of Israel's shepherd king. Ever and anon smiles of supreme satisfaction, like ripples on a lake, came and went, and his lips moved as if in converse with an invisible personality. Now his hands were raised as though he would clasp some one in loving embrace. He was heard to inquire

DEATH OF THE UNKNOWN.

in a soft whisper: "Do n't you hear? Do n't you see?" Several moments of quiet follow, when he rallies, and repeats these words of Paul, but in feeble voice:

"I knew a man in Christ (whether in the body or out of the body, I can not tell; God knoweth), caught up to the third heaven; and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

Then another brief space of quiet and rest, and the heavenly smiles reappeared, and the motion of the lips was resumed. Finally, in clear, distinct words, he slowly said: "*Ah, Clarissa; I've found you at last! I'm coming to you. Good-morning! So glad to see you!*"

These were his last words, and he was not, for God took him. Dr. Goodfellow conducted the funeral services, during which he gave the following explanation of the Unknown Man's life: When about thirty, he was united to a beautiful wife, who was to him everything that could be desired as a companion. In less than one year, when she was called to tread the verge of the border-land in the mingled pain and joy of first motherhood, both child and mother passed to the

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

unseen life. The husband was crushed. For nearly a year he could do nothing. He went from church to church, hoping to hear something that would heal the wound and comfort his bleeding heart. Unfortunately, in many cases, the sermons were of a scientific or literary character, which brought him no relief. In others, the preacher so treated the Word of God that, when he closed, there did n't seem to be much of the plain truth of Holy Scripture left. Being a man of independent means, he made a vow that he would devote his life to the simple reading, or recitation, upon all suitable occasions, of the plain word of Scripture, without note or comment, which he kept faithfully until his death.

Dr. Goodfellow also opened the sealed envelope, and found within it a will, disposing of fifty thousand dollars in money as follows: For the benefit of the newsboys of the city, \$25,000; for the perpetual support of four visiting deaconesses, who are to read or recite selections from the Bible, without comment, in their visitations, \$15,000; to George Buddington, known generally as Bud, the newsboy, \$10,000. Mr. Beverly McCord was named as the executor. The

DEATH OF THE UNKNOWN.

signature to the will was David Mathias. The witnesses were Beverly McCord and Sidney Patterson.

The body of this remarkable man was laid away by the side of Jammie McFadden, to await the summons of the resurrection morning. Thus ended a most singular but a most useful life. Thousands will no doubt rise up on that day to call him blessed.

It was thought that the time was now propitious for a more direct effort for the spiritual good of the people. Therefore, a celebrated evangelist, whose methods in using the Bible were much like the Unknown Man's, was engaged to conduct a series of gospel meetings. The response was remarkable. From the beginning to the close the great hall was crowded every night. The readiness of the people to accept the Man of Nazareth as their Savior was the cause of great rejoicing and wonder. They had been Scripturally prepared for this spiritual harvest. During one month's service over two thousand consecrated their lives to the Master. The effect upon the ward was almost miraculous, while the entire city felt the inspiration of the great uplift.

CHURCH OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

Three years have passed. The buildings have all been finished; the grounds nicely covered with grass; the shade-trees are growing; the flowers are blooming; the fountain is flowing. The great plant has been in successful operation for three years, sending forth its benedictions to thousands. The work has so enlarged that Mrs. McCord must be relieved. A competent superintendent is needed. Who shall it be? The Master has had the man in preparation. He has been raised up from the midst of the people. He is young, thoroughly trained, eloquent, sympathetic, adapted, both by nature and education, to the field. After spending two years in a Bible training-school, one year in the special study of social, industrial, economic, and political questions, and one year in the large cities of England and the Continent, investigating the various methods of work among the poor, he is again at home ready for service. His name is *George Buddington*, just returned, with his beautiful bride, Miss Jennie Patterson. A magnificent reception was extended to Mr. Buddington and his young wife when he assumed the superintendency of the most remarkable reformatory movement of the day. They

DEATH OF THE UNKNOWN.

immediately occupied the fine apartments in the Resident House set apart for the superintendent and his family. "Did n't I tell you, George," said Jennie, "that when we were ready the house would be ready?"



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